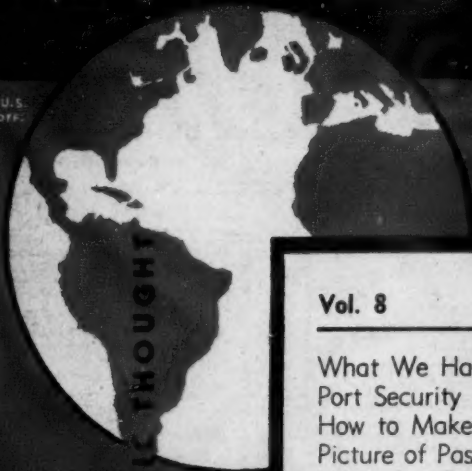


Catholic Digest

25¢



THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 8

MAY, 1944

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, alleluia: because Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God in Thy blood, alleluia. For Thou hast made us to our God a kingdom and a priesthood. In Thy blood, alleluia.

From Matins of the Third Sunday after Easter.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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Catholic Digest

Vol. 8

MAY, 1944

No. 7

What We Have Done

So far, so good

Condensed from the Truman Committee Report*

Three years of war production have been spent in supplying our armies and those of our allies with equipment for combat operations. The first rush of accomplishment is completed. The time has arrived once more to turn from discussion of detailed plans to a consideration of over-all policy.

War production is now on a successful working basis. Our armies are active on every fighting front, equipped with American-made weapons, and secure in the assurance of an uninterrupted flow of materials. In contrast to the first World War, in which our own troops abroad obtained from our allies many of the most important items of equipment, including substantially all of their artillery and aircraft, we are supplying in this war substantially all of our own needs and an important portion of the needs of all the other United Nations.

Our basic problems during the last three years have been: 1. determination

of military needs; 2. machine tools; 3. basic strategic commodities such as steel, aluminum and copper; 4. manpower; 5. organization of administrative agencies; 6. synchronization of conflicting production programs; and 7. economic stabilization. As each problem arose, there was a natural tendency to focus all attention upon it and to give insufficient consideration to the problems that would follow.

The problem to date has been to produce as much war matériel as possible. The problem now and for the future will be to produce as much more war matériel as will be required, and at the same time to maintain a sound economy capable of employing all of the facilities and labor which might otherwise not be fully used.

If the home economy is permitted to weaken and lose the resiliency necessary for quick conversion to peacetime occupations, it will not be able to provide employment for returning soldiers

*Additional Report of the Special Committee Investigating the National Defense Program, Government Printing Office, Washington, 25, D. C. March 4, 1944. 582 pp. 55c.

and released war workers. Should unemployment and business depression gain headway before the major task of readjustment has even begun, the difficulties of reemployment will be much greater.

At the outset this report must be qualified by a clear statement of the obvious fact that the war is raging fiercely, that the biggest battles have yet to be fought and that there may be severe setbacks along the road to victory.

We have proved that, with proper help from the government, we can support a great Army and Navy without devoting ourselves exclusively to war production. Unless military necessity requires the induction of a very large number of additional men, our economy will be able both to support the military establishment and to increase its vigor at home.

This is not an argument for luxury for those who stay at home. Our entire way of life, and our present effort are based on a strong economy. Our future, also, must be based on an economy of plenty.

Industry, labor, and government deserve credit for the job of providing war matériel of excellent quality and quantity, worthy of the fighting forces which are using it.

The figures on production have properly been made public. In addition to guns, tanks, and regular equipment and clothing of all sorts for more than 10 million men, we produced in 1941, 1942, and 1943, 153,061 airplanes, 746 combatant naval vessels, 1,899 Liberty

ships with a total deadweight capacity of 20,450,800 tons, 702 commercial vessels of other types, 1,567,940 military trucks, and 28,286 subsidiary naval vessels, including 23,867 landing craft.

We have constructed housing and training facilities for more than 10 million men, and airfields and bases in all quarters of the world.

We have constructed nearly \$20 billion of the best and most modern plant facilities in the world, equipped with the finest machine tools that can be designed. These plants are producing vast quantities of new materials, such as butadiene, synthetic rubber, and 100-octane gasoline, and have greatly increased our former capacity to produce basic commodities such as alloy steels, aluminum, and magnesium. With them we can make fabulous quantities of engines, gears, turbines, valves, bearings, and all the other articles necessary for mass production of the most complicated engines of destruction that man can devise.

To make all this possible, our factory, mining, and agricultural workers contributed close to 45% more man-days of work in 1943 than in 1939, despite the fact that more than 10 million men were withdrawn from the labor pool for the armed forces. In manufacturing alone, our workmen contributed 89.6% more man-days in 1943 than in 1939.

Such an astounding performance exceeds anything of its kind ever achieved in the history of the world. The results obtained are the best answer to the critics of the home front. They do not indi-

cate perfection, but they do evidence accomplishment of a high order.

All Americans who have participated can be justly proud, because the success is due to the accumulated efforts of the millions who have each done their share, rather than to any miraculous planning of a few experts. Women in particular deserve credit for filling the huge gap created by manpower requirements of the armed services. Older men who had retired from active work have returned to their jobs, and because of their experience are among the most valuable workers. The job that has been done not only assures victory, but also that it will be won more quickly and with fewer casualties. Our armed forces have more and better equipment than our foes.

This committee has noted many decisions that were hastily and sometimes foolishly made, and many mistakes that were continued long after they should have been rectified, and it has unhesitatingly urged corrective action. There are but few informed citizens, whether soldiers, workmen, or businessmen, who have not personally seen instances of waste and inefficiency. But all that only demonstrates that no task of such magnitude can ever be accomplished at such speed without enormous waste. War is waste, of manpower and material. All that can be asked is that plans and decisions be made promptly, honestly, and intelligently. By and large, that has been done.

By its speed and size, the program for war production has achieved results

and economies which frequently outweighed the waste incurred. These results have been obtained because the attention of tens of thousands of competent men has been focused on the immediate tasks before each, with the result that many have found new ways of making minor improvements in design and manufacturing techniques that, in the aggregate, have produced astonishing results.

Undoubtedly, all of these items can and will be produced with fewer man-hours and at less cost, and doubtless waste and inefficiency still exist. However, if an attempt had been made to eliminate all waste and to achieve the utmost efficiency without any regard for the effect on the rate of production, we might have sacrificed production for economies which might not have equalled those gained through increased experience and greater production.

The committee does not intend in any degree to condone the numerous mistakes. The war program has been burdened by many incompetent, selfish, and even dishonest men in all ranks of industry, labor, and government; and the committee frequently has noted a stubborn refusal, usually in isolated although important instances, to profit by the mistakes made in the past. The committee has been and will continue to be insistent upon corrective action. From its inception, it has insisted repeatedly on the need for clear-cut authority centered in single executives rather than multi-headed agencies to administer the war programs. The delay of 18 months in establishing such

an administrative setup was responsible for many weaknesses and failures criticized by the committee in the early months of the war effort.

However, the committee does believe

that a just and fair understanding of the war program as a whole requires it to emphasize again, as it has in all its preceding reports, that on the whole the job has been successful.



Open Letter to a Blood Donor

Dear You: From across the abyss that separates this world from the eternal realm of almighty God, comes a personal message to you.

Pat was one of those starry-eyed kids to whom all life is an adventure. He had just turned 21. His past life had not been what you could call bad, but like every son of Adam there were a few things he had to "straighten out" before he should be fully ready to meet his Creator and Judge.

It was 0100 hour. The earth lay bathed in a pool of silver. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle split the still air, and Pat fell.

He was rushed to the hospital where, for three long hours, he hovered unconscious between life and death. Though doctors and nurses used their every skill to save him, it was apparent to all that they were waging a losing battle. In the busy hush of the operating room, the chaplain began the prayers for the dying.

In a final effort the doctor called for plasma and prepared to give the dying soldier a transfusion. As your blood coursed through his veins, Pat's pulse grew stronger until, with a fluttering of his eyelids, he awoke to full and clear use of his faculties for 20 precious minutes! In that time he made his confession and received his God in Holy Communion and the last rites of his Church, at the conclusion of which he again lapsed into unconsciousness and died.

In the name of a soul that has gone to its God in eternal rest, in the name of Pat's dad and mom who found comfort and consolation in those last acts, from the very depths of a chaplain's heart, thanks for those golden moments in the form of drops of your blood! Your donation to the blood bank did not preserve Pat's earthly existence but, what is infinitely greater, it made secure his eternal life!

Chaplain Capt. Joseph J. Walsh in a War Department bulletin.
N.C.W.C. (24 March '44).

Port Security

By REG INGRAHAM

Condensed chapter of a book*

The battle of the docks

A torpedoed tanker, the *Robert Tuttle*, was dragged into Hampton Roads in 1942 but disaster still stalked her. The night she arrived, fire broke out in her No. 6 hold. When Capt. Rae Hall, stocky, gray-haired and quietly efficient Coast Guard captain of the port of Norfolk, was notified of the blaze, the first thing he did was to order ten tons of dry ice sent to the ship's side. Inside of 20 minutes he had stopped all the flareback explosions, and in about 35 minutes had the fire out on the ship.

While this novel fire-fighting method stamps Captain Hall as a resourceful officer, the incident is related rather to illustrate the manifold responsibilities imposed upon the Coast Guard when it was entrusted with the security of the nation's ports.

President Roosevelt directed by executive order on Feb. 25, 1942, that the Secretary of the Navy take all steps necessary to protect water-front facilities in the U. S., Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands from sabotage, subversive acts, accidents or other injury. Forthwith, the Secretary of the Navy delegated the authority and responsibility to the commandant of the Coast Guard.

It was a big job. Not only must the Coast Guard patrol the more than 50,000 miles of U. S. coast in fair weather

and foul, but it must watch every vital dock in every major harbor.

It was with an understandable enthusiasm that Adm. Russell R. Waesche greeted the idea of using part-time volunteers for the port-security work. Much of the work fell at once upon the old Coast Guard Reserve which had been set up in 1939 to provide a reservoir of boats upon which the service could draw in emergencies. Born to meet a peacetime need, primarily to assist in the dissemination of information on the rudiments of seamanship and rules of the road to the growing thousands of amateur yachtsmen and motorboat owners, the Reserve lived and expanded to perform even more vital services in wartime.

Still on a purely voluntary basis, thousands of members of the Reserve, known as the Auxiliary since the creation of a purely military Reserve, can be found on duty in or around the nation's major harbors. They go out on regular patrols, in their own boats. Men from almost every walk of life are represented. By no means all of the boats which belong to the Auxiliary (they number more than 10,000) engage in patrol activities, but they are available, just in case.

War imposed a terrific burden on the Coast Guard on the landward side of our ports, and in an effort to cope

*First Fleet. 1944. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 310 pp. \$3.

with that problem, another unique civilian volunteer organization came into being. It is officially known now as the Coast Guard Volunteer Port Security Force. Born in Philadelphia, it was originally referred to as the Philadelphia Plan. It was so successful that it was quickly adopted in major port cities such as Baltimore, Cleveland, Duluth, Tampa, and Jacksonville, and subsequently was organized in every port city of the country.

Bankers, clerks, professional men of many types flocked into the new organization, particularly those who for one reason or another could serve the country in no other way. After basic training in general fire prevention, anti-sabotage and anti-espionage, and other security work, the men are taught to handle weapons and explosives aboard ship.

They agree in advance to stand regular watches of eight hours every fifth or sixth day. They may be on duty aboard a ship being loaded with munitions, patrolling a dock or stretch of water front, or merely inspecting identification cards at a dock entrance. But whatever their task, they know they are helping to prevent any interruption to the vitally important flow of men and munitions to the fighting fronts. They also have the satisfaction of knowing that each one's work is releasing another man for combat.

Although the Coast Guard's Port Security Force geared itself from the start to guard against sabotage, fire is the great, ever-present port threat to the safety of United Nations' vessels and

their precious cargoes. The very character of those cargoes, ammunition, explosives, aviation gasoline, makes them natural fire hazards. The constant fear of the Coast Guard is that an untrained dock worker will accidentally drop a case of hand grenades. Then, too, there is always the possibility that some careless person will drop a cigarette butt.

The Coast Guard has assembled the world's greatest fleet of fireboats, 250, equipped with the most up-to-date apparatus. The men in charge of the Port Security problem maintain a close liaison with both Army and Navy and they know from day to day what each of those services is planning for the various ports.

The fact that training and caution pay handsome dividends is evident in the absence of serious fires on our important water fronts. There have been plenty of small ones started, but they were discovered so promptly and the men trained to subdue them were available in such numbers that they never had a chance to spread.

When the Coast Guard was made guardian of port security, it had only a skeleton organization to handle it. Today the force engaged in that work alone is far larger than the entire peacetime Coast Guard. It comprises more than 30,000 enlisted men, almost 2,000 harbor patrol boats, and the fleet of fireboats. In direct charge of the program are 99 Captains of the Port in the more important harbor cities, and approximately 150 Assistant Captains of the Port at lesser points.

On account of the increasingly large

numbers of foreign-language skippers and crews with which the Port Security Force had to deal, the Coast Guard found itself in urgent need of linguists. It was a source of amazement to many of the officials that they were able to fill this need from the ranks of their own enlisted personnel. They went into the boot camps and found no difficulty locating men who could speak Russian, Dutch, Polish, French and all the other United Nations' tongues. Just as soon as those men are ready to leave the training camp, they are assigned to the Port Security Force and detailed where ever their linguistic abilities can best be used. On the West Coast, for example, there was a great need for men who could speak Russian because a substantial number of Russian ships come in there.

Incidentally, not all of the Port Security Force's troubles are linguistic. For example, the chief engineer of a Russian ship was on the verge of having a baby when the ship arrived in the U. S. (many Russian ships now have women in their crews), and the Port Security officers found themselves with the task of getting an ambulance and making other arrangements to get the woman to a hospital.

Frequent inspections of the ships in port are made by the Coast Guard to see that regulations are being obeyed, and every effort is made to impress upon all concerned the need for unceasing vigilance. A favorite warning is that the loss of a ship and its cargo might well be equivalent in terms of tanks, planes, and other war supplies to a severe loss

on the battlefield. It might be even worse, for the failure of such supplies to arrive on the battle fronts at the proper time might well result in decisive defeats.

In these days of oil-burning ships, one of the gravest menaces to vessels in port is the presence of oil on the water. Careless or inexperienced skippers—and with the tremendous expansion in the size of the Merchant Marine, there are many of the latter—sometimes permit their crews to pump their bilges in port. When they do, it puts a film of waste oil on the surface of the water, which soon spreads over the harbor. Thus a fire on one ship might quickly spread around the entire port. One of the Coast Guard's most important jobs is to patrol the water around the ships regularly to prevent this regulation violation.

In peacetime one of the difficulties in fighting water-front fires was the fact that many municipalities did not have enough or proper equipment for such work. It was to correct the lack that the Coast Guard acquired the 250 fireboats, the smallest of which has a pumping capacity of 2,000 gallons a minute. In addition, it secured several hundred trailer pumps, well suited to that type of work because they draw water directly from the harbor or stream, without the need of standpipes or hydrants.

In the early days of the war, the specter of widespread sabotage of our ports and ships spoiled the sleep of many officials in this country. And the potential menace was real enough, although as a result of either the prompt and com-

prehensive preventive measures or the enemy's deliberate abstinence from that form of attack, little or no trouble of such a nature developed.

Today no one is permitted on a water front unless he possesses a Coast Guard identification card issued by the captain of the port. The card can be obtained only after the applicant has satisfactorily identified himself, established his citizenship, has been sponsored by a reputable person or association, and has been fingerprinted on forms submitted to the Federal Bureau of Investigation for checking with their files. To guard against unauthorized persons getting aboard vessels in port by coming alongside in a boat, and thus evading the identification-card expedient, the Coast Guard requires all vessels moving in or from local waters to have a movement or departure license.

Careful study not only of the conditions which cause fires but of the fires themselves has given the Coast Guard some interesting data on the subject so far as the nation's ports are concerned. In the nine-month period from October, 1942, to June, 1943, there were 2,111 water-front fires reported to Coast Guard Headquarters. Of these, 16.6% were occasioned by welding or cutting operations with acetylene or electric torches, and only 8.7% by smoking or the careless use of matches. Not a single blaze was of incendiary origin!

Generally speaking, the work of the men of the Port Security Force, patrolling, supervision of the loading of ammunition, and all the other activities, is unutterably dull. Theirs is not the

glamorous role of the fighting man, and all the medals they have received up to this writing would not crowd a hollow tooth. Nevertheless, they have more than one exploit to their credit that for sheer intestinal fortitude will take a lot of beating.

One spring evening in 1943 skilled stevedores were just putting the finishing touches to the loading of an ammunition ship across the bay at the Caven's Point pier. It is there that the bulk of the ammunition and high explosive that moves through the Port of New York is loaded aboard ship. And it is no military secret that that is plenty.

On the night in question, the last of some 1,300 tons of explosive, enough for 650 of the two-ton blockbusters that the Germans have come to know so well, had been placed aboard. The ship was just about to cast off when fire broke out in the boiler room in a location that was difficult to get at. It spread rapidly. Coast Guard and City of New York fireboats, notified by radio, were rushed to the scene together with land fire-fighting equipment. A force of 200 Coast Guardsmen from a near-by barracks also arrived.

Lieut. Comdr. John T. Stanley, a veteran of 15 years' service in the Coast Guard who had taken charge of ammunition loading in the Port of New York that day, was in immediate command of the fire-fighting operations. Stanley and the others knew only too well what they were up against. The 1300 tons of explosives aboard the burning vessel were just about the same quantity that demolished a large part

of the north end of Halifax, Nova Scotia, on a December morning in 1917, leaving a couple of thousand dead and other thousands homeless. But, emulating the heroism of the intrepid little group of Royal Navy men who went aboard the burning ammunition ship in Halifax harbor that day, only to perish in the blast which followed, Stanley and his men boarded the ship at the Caven's Point pier.

In the course of the preliminary efforts to extinguish the blaze, a white-haired Army officer came aboard. He was Maj. Gen. Charles Groninger, commandant of the New York Port of Embarkation, who blandly disregarded the horrible danger. His young aide, brand new on the job, was with him. "Well, I didn't last long in the Army," the youngster told himself when he heard where they were going that night.

Stanley quickly discovered that the efforts to extinguish the fire were not making much headway. The only thing left was to scuttle the ship. Because of the fire, it was impossible to get at the sea cocks, so Stanley had the ship towed out into the bay a couple of hundred yards from the pier and the fireboats then began pumping water into her. For two hours they pumped, with no one knowing during that time whether the fire or the water would win that unusual race with disaster. Finally the ship began to settle. She went down on an even keel and in a short time only her masts and funnel could be seen. The danger was over.

Meanwhile, the residents of Staten

Island and Brooklyn had been warned by radio to keep their windows open and to remain away from glass that might shatter. Fortunately, such precautions proved unnecessary. Next day, New York learned the details of its narrow escape.

In its 24-hour-a-day effort to prevent disaster, the Coast Guard supervises the loading of explosives on all commercial ships as well as the movement of all explosives from the time the seal on the freight-car door is broken until the ship has sailed safely out of the harbor. They are the arbiters as to whether longshoremen are qualified to handle cargoes of explosives, and they also keep a trained man at each cargo hatch into which explosives are being lowered to see that no unsafe practices are being used and that the explosive is stowed in the proper manner in the ship's hold.

Although the records disclose that a couple of thousand water-front fires have occurred in less than a year, the great majority of them were snuffed out without the aid of major fire-fighting equipment. The important thing to remember is that they were discovered before they had made any headway. In that connection, it is also noteworthy that in spite of the fact that thousands of private watchmen, guards, and fire watches are on duty in water-front establishments, Coast Guardsmen on patrol or guard duty discovered and sent in the first alarm for 22% of the 2,319 alarms reported to headquarters as having been sounded for water-front fires in the nine months ended June, 1943.

How To Make Love

By GERALD KELLY, S.J.

Spring inventory

Condensed from a pamphlet*

[If you are looking forward to the fragrance of orange blossoms in June, even now it is later than you think to be considering the answers to the following questions.]

Is there a reasonable degree of similarity between you in regard to the recreations you like?

• Could you both enjoy staying at home in the evening, especially after the children are born?

Are there any habits now that not only get on your nerves but which you find it extraordinarily difficult to overlook?

• Do you both fit into about the same kind of social life?

• Does each of you get along with the other's family?

Have you both sufficient health for marriage?

What are your habits of life: cleanliness, orderliness, good manners, good grammar?

Are you able to harmonize judgments on things that pertain to family life: food, kind of house, furnishings?

Have you the same religion and same standards as to practice?

The same attitude towards children and their education?

Do you feel at ease together, whether you discuss the weather or make love?

If you do not meet for some time, are you able to take up where you left off, with something of the naturalness of a family reunion, or do you have to try to work up an acquaintance all over again?

Has he a nagging or reforming disposition? Has she?

Do you see his failings, and are you willing to tolerate them; and does he admit them and is he willing to get over them? Does she?

With children in mind, would you say that this person would be just the right other parent for them?

Has he a sense of humor? Has she?

Can he keep a secret? Can she?

Is it a wife you want: Can she cook? And make the house a home?

Has she that womanly quality that instinctively puts things in order?

And would this girl be a real mother; would that be a vocation for her? Could she bear children and sacrifice for them?

Could she give the child that early introduction to God that would so fill his soul that he would never forget?

Is she convinced that motherhood is an all-day and an all-night job; that it is the normal perfection of womanhood, and that those who take it right are enriched by it, no matter what sacrifices are involved?

*Modern Youth and Chastity. 1943. *The Queen's Work*, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, 8, Mo. 105 pp. 25c.

How does she speak of children?

How does she treat them?

What do her younger brothers and sisters think of her?

Is it a husband you want: How does he like children?

Does he like to work?

Can he hold a job?

Has he a sense of responsibility?

Is he "grown up," or does he have to be pampered?

Too jealous? A braggart? An alibi artist?

Is he courteous?

At his home (each should know the other's family) does he show thoughtfulness of parents and brothers and sis-

ters and do you get the general impression that this is the regular thing?

What little kindnesses, not only to you but to others, have you noticed in him?

When he is wrong, does he admit it, and try to make up for it?

Does he easily and graciously pass over others' mistakes?

Is he always looking for sympathy?

Can he extend sympathy willingly, or does someone else's trouble always bring out a greater trouble of his?

Is he emotionally grown up; at least does he show that he knows his temper and jealousy and such things ought to be controlled?



When kindly Frank Heckmann decided to close his little shop, the Cleveland newspapers and the boys of St. Ignatius High School took notice with regret. Frank Heckmann had not only been a gracious shopkeeper but had conducted a laboratory in applied psychology which had done much for the youth of his district. He told his own story quite simply:

"Ten years ago I lost my home in Chicago, my job, and my health. I borrowed \$500 and bought this little store. When the drivers came the first day, I told them to leave the pop, cookies, doughnuts, and candy on the counter. They warned that the boys would promptly clean them out. Well, the boys stormed in, saw the stuff on the counter, and hesitated.

"Why you trust us, don't you?" one said.

"I told them I knew that there wasn't a thief among them.

"That's how we started. I let the boys help themselves and pay without question. Then I put the boxes in convenient places so the boys could reach in and make their own change, dashing in and out the way boys like to do.

"Well, the best evidence of their natural honesty is the fact that my wife and I came here broke and are leaving to take it easy."

When the boys of St. Ignatius High and the neighborhood heard that Heck was leaving, they took up a collection for a present. The Heckmanns themselves threw a party, with a dance band and all the trimmings. The boys presented Mrs. Heckmann with a gold chain and a cross and Heck with a gold wrist watch engraved, "To Heck, from the boys."

From *Along the Way*, N.C.W.C., by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (23 March '44).

Picture of Past Mistakes

By HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

How we were dumb

Condensed from a book*

The age that began with the election of Coolidge had the quality of being suspended in mid-air: a combination of febrile image, magic carpet, Indian rope trick, and high-wire juggling, all in an atmosphere of roller-coaster excitement and Mardi Gras confusion. Sober men looking backward might easily say that it was all a nightmare, that it never could have happened. But America knows that it did by the wreckage left behind.

It was the best of times and the worst of times, an era of purple-velveted hotels and millions of shacks with outdoor privies; of crowded speakeasies and abandoned farms; of majestic natural scenery and tawdry amusement parks; of potential abundance and starveling scarcity. Grotesque contrasts were noted wherever the eye fell. Endowed research workers devoted lives to conquest of pain and disease, but into thousands of counties no physician ever penetrated. There was an increase in leisure but an intolerable speed-up in production. It was a time of technological mastery and abominable waste. While great laboratories discovered cheaper methods of deriving new products from coal tar, 40 million tons of irreplaceable phosphorus, potassium, and nitrogen were being eroded annually from the topsoil of our farms. The clash of new technical methods and old

folkways resounded; outwardly there were a bluff confidence and a smiling hope, but inwardly all was cankering doubt and ghastly fear. Endless questions bred multiple answers, and although uniformity was the mode of national usage, there arose a confusion of tongues and an even more strident babel of creeds.

The acquisition of money became the obsession of the age. Its possession conferred privileges, immunities, and various pleasures in the form of rich houses, speedy cars, much clothing, desirable women, and the acclamation of one's fellows. Lack of money was the only crime. Schedules were posted in college and in the public prints showing how much money a man should have at successive ages. A mammoth electric sign over a Columbus Circle office building blinked, "You should have \$10,000 at the age of 30; \$25,000 at the age of 40; \$50,000 at 50." Men believed the sign, were goaded into furies of acquisition to attain the illuminated goal.

The tempo of the age was set by the whirring conveyor belt of mass production, then slipping into high gear for the first time. This remarkable engine threw off sparks of pure gold; it was the magic dynamo that supplied industry with its sizzling currents of profit. Coolidge prosperity was the triumph of the perfected belt line.

*Fantastic Interim. 1943. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York City. 341 pp. \$3.50.

Pioneered by Henry Ford, American industry discovered that it had a machine amply capable of supplying every need or whim of a vast population. Industry also discovered that unless the products whirling off the endless belt were immediately and continually purchased a fatal clogging was bound to take place. It was dangerous to produce goods unless they could be sold to an eager, prosperous, and bottomless market. But in 1923 this perfect market did not exist. Consumers, although eager, lacked ready money to buy even a small percentage of the products. American business realized that this was an honest statement of the position, and with characteristic ingenuity set about mending the defective spokes in the golden wheel of progress.

Two simple devices, advertising and installment buying, made the wheel revolve faster than ever. Advertising created an insatiable desire for goods, and the installment plan gave the immediate means to satisfy such desires. And so the magic formula was arrived at:

Mass production + Advertising + Installment buying =
Prosperity now and forever.

The new formula worked; its success overwhelmed its inventors; it overwhelmed everybody. Like the enchanted salt mill of the fable, it ground out sparkling profit at a whisper of command. But like the mill's owner, the proprietors of the system forgot the stop word. The mill kept on grinding until the U. S., staggering and overborne, broke down under the fabulous grist.

But away with the allegory. Here is what actually happened.

Until 1920 installment buying was in utter disrepute. There was something immoral about purchasing luxuries you couldn't pay for; most men would rather be caught *flagrante delicto* than coming out of an installment house. The whole business was shoddy, illicit, and carried the same moral overtones as pawning your watch. Ford first tried to induce people to save their money and only then buy a car; the traditional American way—the thrifty, upright method of acquiring property. But the new generation of buyers was impatient, thriftless, quite willing to be seduced by the bribe of immediate possession. What did it matter if immediate ownership meant a mortgage on next year's income? Conscience was salved when the great automobile manufacturers dropped the despised term "installment plan" and talked of "acceptances." You now bought a car on "deferred payments" or on a "budget plan." Bankers and industrialists urged the buyer "to exercise his credit." But the principle remained the same. The buyer signed a chattel mortgage, paid interest and carrying charges varying between 20% and 36%, and drove off in the car. Wishes became horses and beggars could ride.

By 1925 all kinds of goods were thus being sold: 80% of all the automobiles, 75% of all household electrical appliances were bought in this way. One-sixth of the national income was spent in installment buying, with automobiles the largest item of \$4 billion.

The buying boom surged like a pig shot out of a barrel. It was no longer disreputable to finance this year's prosperity with next year's income. Learned authorities sanctioned the system. Prof. E. R. A. Seligman declared: "Installment buying is a device for making currently available the assets of industrious individuals who have a regular and dependable earning power, though little capital accumulation." Otto Kahn, banker and philanthropist, said: "The difference between what is available to the rich and to people of small means is diminishing. Installment buying has contributed materially toward this eminently desirable consummation." This aroma of bogus equality brought on by installment-happy buyers pervaded the American market place, and no one was too mean to sniff a lungful of the bracing ozone.

Truly it seemed that the lost chart to Utopia had been found, and that the signposts of the installment system led to the long-awaited era of milk and honey. But there was still a drawback—customers were inclined to dawdle a bit, even to sink back contentedly into their old habits of thrift. Whips had to be brought down smartly across their shoulders. For if people stopped buying, mass production would be thrown out of gear. It was essential, then, to arouse an even more passionate hunger for goods. And to this task the gross aphrodisiac of advertising was now applied.

Advertising had existed since the Stone Age; it had already done a fairly good job on the American people. Mer-

chants like Wanamaker and Stewart had liberally apprised the purchaser of bargains in their stores. But the old school of advertising was naive. It merely said: "Our soap is good; our soap is cheap." If a person needed soap, he would presumably buy a product both good and cheap. But under the new bull-whip philosophy of advertising, the consumer must not be permitted to reach this matter-of-fact decision. He must be warned that unless he purchases a particular brand before nightfall he will offend his friends by the rank odors which emanate from his unwashed body. A woman consumer must be told that she risks losing love by neglecting to dip her underthings in a daily drench of soap chips. Psychological experts scientifically tabulated various appeals, threats, cajolerics, to force the laggard buyer into the market. His vanity, shame, fear, and cupidity were all plucked at. "It's a mark of distinction to smoke (eat, chew, gargle, serve, own, drive) Shucksies." "Even your best friend won't tell you." "Four out of five have it." "This lovely bride gave her husband athlete's foot!" These were but a few of the goads that pricked the purchaser into buying furies.

The world as depicted in the advertisements was a glowing and successful community full of bright smiles and almost intolerable satisfactions. Lovely ladies fondled the wheels of gorgeous motor cars while attractive, long-legged men leaned over them attentively. Into a candlelit dining room gleaming with crystal and elegant napery, an English-

type butler proudly bore on his silver salver a can of baked beans while diners smiled in unbearable anticipation. Or a female with exquisite bosoms peeping through an imported French nightgown lay back with an ecstatic smile on a snow-white double bed and beamed: "My Yumsutta sheets are satin-smooth at a ridiculously low price." In their gleaming kitchens, unperturbed housewives, with nary a hair out of place, whipped up a Sunday-evening snack for an unexpected party of eight by reaching for a tin of Five Star deviled ham and a can opener. It was absurd and exaggerated, and much of it was downright dishonest. But it sold the goods, and it created a palpitant, mouth-watering desire for more.

Five and a half billion linear lines of advertising—enough to encircle our astonished solar system—came off the presses during the '20's. Advertising was a greater force in daily living than religion or patriotism. Eighty per cent of all the mail was advertising matter; 60% of newspaper space was devoted to it. Signposts so flooded the landscape that one could not see the forest for the ads; American advertisers in 1927 spent \$1,284,000,000 high-pressuring the public to buy articles they may or may not have wanted. (By 1936 this sum had doubled.) And for every dollar spent in advertising cough drops, canned soup, cigarettes, dog soap, mayonnaise, lipstick, and laxatives, a mere 40c was spent on all kinds of education—private and public, lay and religious, primary and secondary, collegiate and postgraduate.

Naturally, such colossal expenditures had to be justified. Advertising, claimed its defenders, enabled the manufacturer to produce more goods more cheaply and thus raised the standard of American life. When it was argued that advertising tempted the consumer to buy more than he could afford, the rebuttal was pat: the American way of life depended upon the widest possible consumption and enjoyment of goods by the largest possible number of people. Such utilitarian arguments were difficult to brush aside, but as the tumult rose, these statements were supplanted by loftier apologies by poets laureate of the movement. S. Parkes Cadman told a Rotary group: "Advertising is a thing of the imagination and is advancing in beauty and execution every day." Ralph Starr Butler, a not disinterested vice-president of the General Foods Corporation, broadcast this: "Advertising promotes that divine discontent which makes people strive to improve their economic status." And Calvin Coolidge in 1926 declared, "The preeminence of America in industry has come very largely through mass production. Mass production is possible only where great mass demand exists. Mass demand has been created almost entirely through the development of advertising." *Q. E. D.*, advertising created Coolidge prosperity, a date-palm mirage, very pleasant but notably impermanent, and at no time shared by more than one-third of the population.

Pass lightly over the exaggerations, the false statements, and the geysers of pish-posh spouted by advertising. The

chief objection was that it menaced the intellectual and moral balance of the people. Advertising created a world of desire so unattainable by two-thirds of the population that all but the strongest minds were dangerously cloven and all but the stoutest incomes wrecked by the attempt to straddle the gap. Advertising begot a jittery restlessness, then vainly attempted to soothe ideal longings with material goods. It plied us with a multitude of satisfactions which, when grasped and swallowed, had the effect of salt water on a thirsty castaway. More thirst, then more salt water, hallucinations, and a horrible death in 1929.

If advertising and installment buying were the gospels, the salesman was their most glorious evangelist. When all was said, he kept the goods flowing in a profitable stream from factory to consumer. The salesman was a godson of Aeolus, breezy, spruce, radiating personality, and bubbling with effervescent loyalty to the "old man," sometimes referred to as J. G. or merely the Chief. Regarded by himself and others as the finest flower of American civilization, the salesman, at the merest whiff of a potential sale, would gnaw a prospect's ear off extolling the merits, low price, trade-in value, and all-round superiority of his product. Because the harvest was big, reapers were many. Swarms of salesmen were loosed upon the land, each armed with a pneumatic-drill sales talk and a battery of oversized fountain pens. The canvass was guaranteed to penetrate the toughest hide of consumer resistance, and at the

strategic moment the fountain pen was thrust into the buyer's hand as he limply signed on the dotted line.

Sales drives were planned with the precision of a military campaign and conducted with the zealotry of a pogrom. Office walls were hung with pie charts, graphs of individual performances, gigantic thermometers showing last week's sales temperature, and maps bristling with orange, red, and violet pins. While selling was represented as a noble and dignified profession, there were few indignities to which the salesman would not stoop. Flagrant assaults were made upon the credulity of the customer; his home and his privacy were invaded by "go-getters" drilled in 100 variations of the old tin-peddler's foot-in-the-door technique. It was considered vastly clever when a salesman could force his way into a home, attach his vacuum cleaner to a lamp socket, and clean a rug while the housewife looked on helplessly and finally succumbed to his selling line. A new race of conscienceless sales managers sprang up, to train men and direct the field operations, to cut the country up into "territories" and establish "quotas." Salesmen were rewarded or penalized according to results. Cash prizes, boosting notices in the house organs, and increased commissions were the incentives. Ignominy and the loss of his job faced the worker who failed to fill his quota. The whole business took place in an atmosphere of ecstatic "pep talks" and holy-rollerism which drove the crazed salesman out onto the highways and byways to waylay and bind his vic-

tims and return with a bulging portfolio of orders.

But even frantic advertising, loosened credit, and turbine-gear salesmanship could not drain off the roaring Niagara of goods pouring from mills and factories. Markets became saturated; the houses and garages of everyone faintly eligible for credit were crammed with machines which did not wear out rapidly enough. Buyers were irritatingly slow to replace automobiles, radios, and refrigerators, durable, well-made articles that might serve for years to come. And so the new concept of "obsolescence" was devised to step up the flow of goods.

Obsolescence meant simply no more than being out of date. If articles that had flooded the consumer market yesterday could be made obsolete today, the whole market would again be available tomorrow. And so emphasis was focused upon the new model, the latest thing, the gewgaw of the moment. Every year a new crop of automobiles attempted to make last year's model seem as old-fashioned as the Conestoga wagon. With radios, the rate of obsolescence was even more rapid; by June the January number seemed crude, out of date. In many instances genuine technological advances were made, but too often alterations were merely superficial. The social stigma attaching to the use of outmoded models was so skilfully emphasized by advertisers and salesmen that the buyer was shamed into discarding last year's machine in favor of the newer, more gingerbreaded version, which, in addition to a

splashier display of chromium, might also offer the advantages of free-wheeling, synchro-mesh transmission, selective fingertip control, superheterodyne reception, and your choice of nine finishes in either Hepplewhite, Duncan Phyfe, or Hollywood Colonial.

Credit and supersalesmanship enabled many a parvenu to amass heavy agglomerations of luxury goods—nappery, crystal, china, and silverware. The possession of this social baggage resulted, naturally enough, in its display and increased use at dinners, teas, and luncheons. But here the *arriviste* hostess bumped headlong into difficulties. Should the salad fork be placed to the left or the right of the dinner fork? Should the butter knife be on or beside the butter plate? Schisms arose as to whether the hostess should be served before her guests, and (according to many advertisements) even well-mannered diners were permitted to titter when some child of nature speared an olive with an oyster fork. Eating became a monstrous hazard, the dining room was full of pitfalls, and a hostess could expose herself to ridicule by at least six dozen social missteps.

The danger of the *faux pas* extended to such matters as weddings, debuts, and receptions to visiting dignitaries. New-rich husbands and fathers needed instruction in the proper use of the striped trouser and the top hat. The wording of invitations and proper arrangement of flowers became jungles of possible error. Was there no chart to guide one through the maze of social responsibilities created by the rise

of a flatware-owning middle class?

At a time when brows were grimly knit with the new social perplexities, Emily Post's *Etiquette*, published in 1922, was precisely the reference that America needed. Mrs. Post managed to impart just the proper touch of the *haut monde* to the doings of a million Americans who could afford to lay a fresh cloth at every meal. Her treatise was a cross between Hoyle's *Book of Games* and the family Bible; it was consulted oftener than either and became the final arbiter of the standardized good life that increasing numbers of Americans aspired to lead. At first Mrs. Post erred on the side of conservatism.

As late as 1927, she held that "absolutely no lady can go to dinner or supper in a restaurant alone with a gentleman." Throughout Prohibition she maintained that a "gentleman affected by alcohol" didn't appear in the presence of ladies. The problem of a lady affected by alcohol Mrs. Post neglected to take up.

Thus in a society that valued etiquette above culture, the gears of production were made to grind at shriller speed, the cries of advertisers became throatier, the pressure of salesmen was more irresistible, and the burden of debt more onerous. This was progress. This was prosperity.



Salesmanship in Cairo

An astute gentleman in Cairo met an Arab just in from the desert—an Arab whose pockets were filled with Egyptian pounds. He explained that he owned the streetcars and that he would sell any one of them for 200 pounds. The credulous Arab looked at the passing streetcars, which were bulging with passengers, and quickly concluded the deal. His surprise was probably considerable when he attempted to eject the regular conductor and collect fares himself. The clever entrepreneur who had made the sale had vanished.

The sucker was a sadder but wiser man. The publicity he received in Cairo papers made him a public figure. Now the original rascal really showed his genius. Somehow he came and made peace with the sucker and expounded a great scheme. He had a tent in the Arab section, he said, and he would exhibit the sucker and charge sixpence admission. They would split the profits. They put large signs outside the tent and business was excellent. In fact, the sucker who was being exhibited finally got a bit weary of standing for hours being gaped at by his fellow Arabs, so he hired a stand-in who would undertake the arduous job of allowing the natives to look at him. Arabs are quite definitely allergic to work. It was then that the police swooped down and closed the exhibition on the ground that fraud was being practiced.

From *The Curtain Rises* by Quentin Reynolds (Random House, 1944).

Neglected Saints

"She named the child Ichabod"

By J. P. DE FONSEKA

Condensed from the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger**

Donald Attwater, that indefatigable English popularizer of Catholic conventions, recently published a full catalogue of Christian saints' names with a view to helping parents, sponsors, parish priests, and others get out of the difficulty of finding suitable baptismal names.

It is a comprehensive catalogue of this kind that could reveal the amount of injustice committed against such a vast array of God's saints. For people will crowd in to grab the comparatively small list of popular Christian names and leave the myriad others alone.

My grandfather, with regard to myself, ruled that if I were a boy, Joseph would be the name; otherwise, Mary. This was devout in respect of two members of the Holy Family but most neglectful of the almost endless Roman Martyrology.

It is true that St. Zachary wrote on a slip of paper that the child's name should be called John. That was only obeying the order of heaven. But when other people set down similar instructions, whose order can they plead?

Some names there are which are to be left out for awe and reverence. The name of Christ has never been assumed by Christians except in such mild derivatives like Christian, Christianian, Christopher, Christobulus, all of which is praiseworthy. Praiseworthy also is

the practice of leaving aside the Holy Name of Jesus, just as the popes have left aside the venerable name of Peter.

Now, nobody can blame people for the names they have and charge them with indifference to the legion of saints left in the lurch thereby. But the people who gave the names are chargeable. I myself should have delighted in the names of Joannicius (abbot) and Prodecimus (bishop and confessor). But I am not to blame.

In certain cases it is the particular English form which is not desirable, whereas the Latin form may be acceptable; thus the old Puritans used to give such a name as Preserved, which is absurd. But not so absurd is Servatus, the same thing in Latin. The name Reborn-in-Jesus-Christ Jones was pitiful, but Renatus Jones does not shock.

There are such grateful names like Deusdedit, Deodatus, Adeodatus and Given, but nobody has yet sported on the name Deogratias, real name of a bishop and confessor.

People go by fancy in the imposition of names. There is a fancy nowadays for national or local or indigenous names, which have no savor of Christianity but are flavored with a sort of patriotism. These are tolerated, but Canon Law demands the addition of a saint's name. Canon 761 is to the effect that the parish priests are to see to it that a

*Kotabena, Colombo, Ceylon. Oct. 17, 1943.

Christian name is imposed on a child at Baptism. If they are unable to hit on one, then to any particular name proposed by parents let them add some saint's name and let them record both names in the Book of Baptisms.

The next canon, I fancy, should have advised parish priests not to rush in too hastily to deny the Christianity of some of the names fancied by parents, sponsors and others, lest these names after all be found to be authentically Christian, lurking somewhere in the tropical luxuriance of the *Nomina Sanctorum* in the Martyrology.

Who can determine offhand whether names like Ceadda, Bees, Boisil, Breaca, Buriana, Erluph, Fiachna, Gaucher, Kings, Lucifer, Moloc and Mackessoge, Noet, Ouen, Pega, Rumwald, Somnatha, Raingarda, Tochumra, Vauge, Walthen, Walker, Ia, and Zoticus are truly Christian? But they are all there in the Bollandists, in Butler, and other great oracles. The moral is: search before you reject.

Fancy in names not only flies but fluctuates. The fashions change from age to age. Nowadays people prefer the names with crisp, dinky, sharp, smart little sounds.

What really is the matter with names such as Baradat (hermit), Barbasceminus (martyr), Bega (virgin), Barachisius (martyr), Aithilalas (martyr), Bobo (confessor), or Barhadbesciabas (martyr), except that most benighted people do not fancy them?

The last name, for instance, properly and correctly called out with accurate syllabification would be heard either

in parts or in the whole in all the surrounding villages, and would be recognized; whereas the wee Bob, a popular favorite, would be almost stillborn and dead even before given tongue.

An ignoramus who dismissed the name Julius Caesar (I do know a single worthy who bears this Christian name in lordly fashion) as the name of a pagan military gentleman would be in error. There is St. Julius, Pope, and there is St. Caesarius of Arles, bishop. Do not think Apollo, Hermes, Plato, Maro and Virgil are pagan cognomina; they are each Christian enough. True enough they are not the people usually understood by those names but others, less known, who professed the faith of Christ and then slept peacefully in the Lord.

The rash English poet, Lord Byron, laughed at the second name of the stylistic English writer, Walter Savage Landor, exclaiming, "Such is his grim cognomen!" but latinize it into Severinus and you get a saint and an abbot.

At the time of the election of Pope Pius XI, I suggested for a child born then the name Achilles (martyr) in honor of Achilles Ratti, the new Pope. The parents did not know a word of Greek, but laughed to scorn the idea of calling their child by the name of the pagan hero of Homer's *Iliad*. Later on, finding that a nicer-sounding variant of this name was Achille, the same parents jumped out of their shoes to impose it, but not on the same child.

Fear of Mrs. Grundy, conflict of opinion, lack of backbone, weakness of private judgment or even false associa-

tion of ideas spoils for most people some otherwise excellent names. Else what is wrong with Godeschalc (martyr), Homobonus (confessor), Bronacha (virgin), Maharsapur (martyr), Maw (confessor), Muredac (bishop), Mochoemoc (abbot), Osmanna (virgin), Papoul (martyr), Poppo (abbot), Ruadhan (bishop), Ruffin and Sabas (martyrs), Speusippus (martyr), Tyrannio (martyr), Vaneng (confessor), Ursmar (bishop), Wolfgang (bishop) and Wulfhad (martyr)?

It would be no better with Fanchea (virgin), Flour (bishop), Fedlemid (bishop and confessor), Ethbin (abbot), Ebba (virgin), Dotta (abbot), Cucufas (martyr), Blaen (bishop),

Agathangelus (martyr), Galla (holy widow), Pambo (abbot), Meen (abbot), Droun (hermit), Mochua (abbot), Bademus (martyr), and Agoard and Aglibert (martyrs).

Mr. Belloc has said:

"Child, if you have a rummy kind of name,

Remember to be thankful for the same."

The reason, in this context, would be that you will be pleasing one of countless Cinderellas among the saints whom nobody invites. Now if you ask one of them, he will give you double ration of patronage. The saints are not above thanking us sinners sometimes.



Chain Letter

The threat of misfortune is hanging over you. You sit down and try to think the whole thing out, wondering how you can escape it. But the words are plain: the prediction has been made that something awful is going to befall you. You wonder what it could be. Will it be a long illness, an accident to a member of the family, sudden death?

Of course, there is a way pointed out how you can escape it. But you won't take that way out. The Church has condemned the method and you refuse to follow it. You try to forget it but it comes back barbing you, this threatened misfortune. What could it be? You read about the threat again and there it is, unescapably, in black and white. Thousands of others have avoided it but no one will ever call you a coward. You won't follow the crowd. Or will you?

Then in a sudden burst of strength, with your soul fortified by a strong determination to follow the instructions of the Church, you take the chain letter and tear it to pieces.

From Fore and Aft by Joseph J. Quinn in the Southwest Conrier (18 March '44).

The Trial of G. K. Chesterton

By J. P. DE FONSEKA

Condensed from the *New Review**

G. K. Chesterton once stood in the criminal dock in an English court of law.

After a patient hearing of the case the jury found him guilty. In a brief address to the accused His Lordship delivered the judgment and pronounced sentence.

In most of the cases before the English courts it is the easiest thing in the world to consult the records. This cannot be done in the present case. I was present at the trial and, with a secretary, was given accommodation at the press table. Even in spite of this purely private fulfillment of a public duty, no record is available of the case. To give the date of this cause célèbre, I should have to do considerable research to get it. But chronology is not really essential to the case. The year must have been 1930, and the month and day can look after themselves. Mr. Chesterton, who once wrote a history of England without mentioning a single date, will not greatly mind if reporters of his famous trial forgot when it took place.

It would not be true to say that during the tensest moments of the drama you could hear a pin drop. The court, of course, was crowded and the feminine element was pretty strong among the attendance. The prisoner's wife was in court, and though a trifle cautious as to the issue of the trial, was seen to

"Who dares attack my Chesterton?"

engage in conversation in what may be described as a sprightly demeanor.

Among the people present was a gentleman of 80 or so. Wilfred Meynell, husband of the poetess Alice Meynell, had come in with his daughter Viola Meynell, an authoress in her own right, and Barbara Lucas, his granddaughter, also an authoress in her own right in these days, but not exactly then. I had dinner at their house afterwards to commemorate Chesterton's success as a prisoner at bar.

I cannot be too sure whether Chesterton carried out the sentence, but the Meynell family and I completed our part of the contract, rather happy to think that Chesterton clapped in jail was not beginning that very evening his term of penal servitude: when the judge in summing up remarked, with stern looks at the prisoner, on the irresponsible manner in which the accused had been bent on making himself an habitual criminal, we certainly feared that worse would come to worst and they would soon be measuring him out for the largest suit of prison clothes ever made in Wormwood Scrubbs. But we were soon relieved.

When Sir Ernest Wild, master of the rolls, a high law officer of the Crown, had taken his seat on the bench a few moments after the jury, led by the foreman, had occupied theirs, proceedings

*5 Dharamtala St., Calcutta, India. November, 1943.

began. A little disappointment was registered on account of the fact that the distinguished prosecutor was unable to fulfill his function, and the attorney general had to be content with the services of an officer not so distinguished but every bit as competent.

Both prosecutors, the absent one and the deputy, were women. Miss Rebecca West, author of a long list of works not exactly legal, was otherwise engaged. So Miss Winifred Holtby, author of a smaller list, also not too legal, deputized. In the course of the proceedings the question arose as to whether she should be called public prosecutor or prosecutrix, as the law is supposed to be exact in these matters. The attempt to secure precision occasioned what is put in parenthesis in newspaper reports of famous cases, (laughter in court). In fact, throughout the proceedings there was an unseemly amount of laughter in the court. The court crier bawled out for silence in court, laughing in his sleeve, so to say, at such times.

The charges, based on certain obscure sections of the criminal law of England, were couched in the usual jargon of legal phraseology. Divested of this language the accusation was that the prisoner had, in defiance of the law of the realm, deliberately and with full knowledge, openly and repeatedly, attempted to put the clock back, and had in very truth so put the clock back, knowing that such putting back of the clock was a breach of the common law of England. Asked whether he was guilty or not guilty, the prisoner firmly maintained his innocence and chanted

rather than spoke his plea of "Not guilty."

Miss Holtby, the prosecutrix, made an excellent start for the prosecution. Speaking in a mood of good humor unusual in a court, she made many witty sallies at the prisoner's criminal record: how he had put the clock back not only in public speech but also in printed matter in the shape of books which were too numerous to quote. She could only cite them, which she did: *What's Wrong with the World*, *Alarms and Discursions*, *Outline of Sanity*, *The Defendant*, and so on and so forth. Those books contained dangerous principles which, if acted on, would take the world back to the Dark Ages. They praised the past so much at the expense of the present that the younger generations were becoming unpatriotic to their own time. It was all reactionary and retrograde in outlook.

If the young got it into their heads to put all the clocks back, the prosecutrix feared that their elders and betters would not have a ghost of a chance. They would be late or out of step and miss appointments and engagements, and modern civilization would be at an end. She asked His Lordship, in her most appealing manner, whether any one man should be allowed to do or rather undo so much with impunity.

Miss Holtby then made a point with the revelation that the prisoner had continually claimed to speak for a small man. This is one of the main corollaries of his retrogressive movements. "Now, who wants to be and remain a small man?" asked Miss Holtby. The

trend of the modern world was all toward the big man. Everybody in the modern world aspired to a big thing, to a big part, to a big place in life. "Now look at the man who speaks for the small man," entreated Miss Holtby. The entire court looked at the man in question, and laughing heartily, all applauded, one did not know whom, Miss Holtby or the prisoner. The prisoner's laugh was the loudest in court.

Prof. Arnold Plant, economist and university don, sworn in for the prosecution, said that from the point of view of economics the crime of the accused was particularly vicious-minded, for science consisted in putting the clock forward. He had no desire to utter a paradox, he said, looking in the direction of the prisoner, but that was the true view of the case to an economist. Yes, in his university undergraduate days he was in danger of being corrupted by the accused's propaganda but had averted the tragedy by reading a great deal of George Bernard Shaw. The witness, answering His Lordship's question, admitted acquaintance with the printed work of the accused. In answer to the prosecutrix, he said that all of them were tainted by the heresy of the backward clock. This concluded the case for the prosecution.

The accused, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, said that without benefit of counsel, he appeared for himself. Sworn in, he begged to remark that he was not troubled by the strength of the prosecution's case but entertained some doubt about the strength of the dock, the material structure in which he was stand-

ing. Anyhow, if there was one law for all, it was only just that there should be one dock. If only he had been charged with the atrocious crime of being an unusually large man, there would have been no further hearing of this case. But as for putting clocks back, he had no considerable memories of meddling with them. All that he remembered of clocks was unfortunate. Having broken several, he had decided to leave clocks to others of his family. He said he was pained by the mechanical nature of the charge.

In answer to a question from the bench, the prisoner begged to most readily plead guilty to having written some very deplorable books, in fact too many; but it came as a surprise that anyone in his senses could have waded through them to discover references to the Great Clock Question to bring forward in evidence. He wondered whether there were not some sections of criminal procedure by which the prosecutrix could not be lugged in for a gross misuse of her time by reading his so-called works, or a scientific and busy man like Professor Plant summoned for neglect of the Science of Economics in favor of journalistic trash by Chesterton.

If, however, these excellent and generally truthful people would plant their clock on him, he would say that certain spectators, and not the least among them that invincible person in *Helen's Babies* who wanted to see the wheels go round, had put the clock or watch (does it matter which?) to some unexpected use. If the clock (let us say)

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41-43 EAST EIGHTH ST.

ST. PAUL, 2, MINN.



presupposed a clockmaker, then, they said, the mechanism called the universe also cried out for a Maker. If there was such a Maker, then the universe should have some revelation of Him. The prisoner evinced considerable sympathy with this aspect of clock-making and had suggested, it was true, that the necessary revelation was the Catholic Church. He had certainly enthused over the past of this Church. If this was an irrelevance, he hoped to be pardoned.

The prisoner's address concluded with the stirring words, "Have I praised Henry VIII? Have I extolled the Lord Protector, Cromwell? Have I gone into ecstasies over that dull and dreary Dutchman, William of Orange? Have I been enraptured by those business magnates, the Pitts, father and son? Have I canonized that gallant Saxon, Earl Disraeli? Have I ever lauded that little Welsh lawyer, Lloyd George? No, I have only enthused over the Catholic Church. And who dare say that the Catholic Church is a thing of the past?" The assembled public applauded the effort. The prisoner added that the Catholic Church could not be described as an institution for putting clocks back. It was, on the contrary, always in advance of time. As it was the faith of our grandfathers, it would

be just as surely the faith of our grandchildren. "What, then, is this trial all about?" the prisoner inquired.

The defense rested. When the prosecutrix came to cross-examine the prisoner, there were some bright passages. The prisoner, on inquiry from the bench, submitted that he was not calling witnesses on his side.

Thereupon Mr. Lord Justice Wild, summing up, bade the Jury retire and consider their verdict. These worthies did that briskly and returned to say that they unanimously found the prisoner guilty. His Lordship then in a brief address to the felon spoke words of graceful counsel and sentenced him: "Consider yourself fortunate that you have escaped a term of penal servitude. Your penalty will be to read all the works of Dean Inge and to write a new detective story every year or so."

Received with thunderous applause, the sentence which began by making the prisoner laugh ended by making him a little glum. The court then adjourned.

It was a sham court, and the trial was one of the most brilliant of the mock trials arranged for a charitable cause in the London School of Economics. The trial fetched a tidy sum, the public paying good prices for entering the court precincts.



He has a gift of instant decision that has already lost him two fortunes and is now putting a third in jeopardy.

Hilaire Belloc.

Father Tabb

By JOHN J. BARRY

Catholic citizen of Chios

Condensed from the *Catholic Educational Review**

Father Tabb came from an aristocratic Scotch-English family, one of the oldest and wealthiest in Virginia. In his veins ran the blood of the Washingtons and the Randolphs. The beautiful plantation, The Forest, where he was born on March 22, 1845, was not far from Richmond. Here, in an atmosphere of wealth and culture, John Bannister and his two brothers and their sister received their early training from private tutors. John, the third child, suffered from weak eyes. Noted oculists pronounced his case incurable, but not alarming if care were taken. He was a gifted boy, with unusual talents in music and drawing.

The Civil War brought an abrupt end to the peace and quiet of the Tabb household. Young men from the surrounding plantations were enlisting in the Confederate Army and the urge to join the colors was strong. The eldest, William, 22, enlisted as a captain; the youngest, Yelverton, only 14, became a private. John, who was 17, was rejected because of poor eyesight. But he was undaunted by his rejection, and through the influence of Major Ficklin, a close friend, he entered the Confederate Navy as clerk on the runner, *Robert E. Lee*.

For two years he helped run the Union blockade. On a secret mission to England the crew was feted, and young

Tabb attracted attention with his clever caricatures of northern leaders. An English periodical offered him a position as a cartoonist. But he refused, stating he had a job to finish.

On the return journey the boat was captured after a running battle with the larger and speedier *Keystone State*. The crew were imprisoned in Bull Pen, Point Lookout, Md. A sketch made by Tabb reveals their wretched quarters. Here he met a young prisoner, Sidney Lanier, who had served as signal officer on a captured blockade runner. Tabb writes of their meeting: "Here in this hell hole, while I was lying on my cot, ill with fever, the distant notes of a flute reached my ears. I said to myself, 'I must find that man.'"

Their association helped to lighten many a dreary hour. Both were deeply interested in music and poetry, and both were eventually to become leading poets of the South. Lanier, a recognized musician, contended that music played a great part in poetry. His influence on Tabb's future work was very evident, especially in the latter's "short swallow flights of song."

The long period of imprisonment gave the two men a deep and lasting hatred for the North. Both left prison broken in health. Lanier never recovered, while Tabb's vision was greatly impaired by lack of medical attention.

*1326 Quincy St., N. E., Washington, 17, D. C. March, 1944.

Upon their return home they found only ruin, starvation, desolation. Poverty stalked the once fertile plantations; the beautiful colonial mansions lay in smouldering ruins; life was at a standstill. Valuable farm land sold as low as 50c an acre. Long breadlines were daily kept in check by Negroes, formerly the slaves of those who now stood waiting patiently for a meager supper of cornmeal.

In the gloomy period that followed, Tabb had great difficulty in readjusting himself. His family's fortune had vanished. After studying music, he became an instructor in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal school for boys in Baltimore, whose rector, Rev. Alfred Curtis, became a close friend.

Five years later, encouraged by Curtis, Tabb entered the Episcopal seminary at Alexandria to prepare for the ministry. During this period Curtis became deeply interested in the Oxford Movement and the part of Dr. Newman in it. The latter's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, telling the story of his life and conversion, won the deepest admiration of Curtis, which he expressed in a letter. Newman invited Curtis to England. The latter accepted.

He returned to America a Catholic, converted and baptized by Newman. His first convert was Tabb. It took him two years to convince Tabb that he, too, should join the Church. Finally the latter went to Bishop Gibbons for instruction.

When asked by associates why he had become a Catholic, Tabb replied, "I climbed higher, then higher and

higher until I got to the top of the fence, saw the other side, liked it, and went over." He often admitted to friends that the old heresy frequently troubled him, and that he preferred the King James version of the Bible for the beauty of its language.

Two months after his conversion he registered at St. Charles' College. Three years later, 1875, at 30, he graduated and accepted a teaching position in St. Peter's school, Richmond. He later returned to St. Charles as instructor in English and Greek. In September of 1881 he enrolled at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained Dec. 20, 1884. Soon after, he returned to his alma mater as a teacher, and remained until his death, 25 years later.

He was an excellent teacher. His sternness, nicely balanced by wit and humor, made him a favorite. Although recognized as a fine Greek and Latin scholar, he taught only English and Bible history. To aid his classes in the fundamentals of English, Father Tabb wrote his own textbook, *Bone Rules: or The Skeleton of English Grammar*, and dedicated it to "his pupils, active and passive, perfect and imperfect; past, present, and future."

When his students were prepared, he was at his best; when not, his wit turned to sarcasm that always carried a sting. Sometimes he would make sketches on the blackboard or write little poems to reveal how disappointed he was.

One of the things the students always hoped for was to have him recite a favorite poem and forget the lines.

At such times he would roll his eyes, grunt, "claw around as if to capture the fugitive phrases," and then swing his right arm like a windmill and soundly slap his bald head with his long loose-jointed hand. No one dared to laugh. That was reserved for the playground. Father Tabb, standing at the window overlooking the yard, frequently saw himself imitated. He enjoyed those scenes immensely, especially when the impersonator would swing his right arm and slap himself on the head.

Many of his clever puns were copied on textbook margins and became the students' heritage.

In spite of his many eccentricities the boys loved him as teacher and priest. They told of his kindnesses and generosity, especially to poor students. The stern rebukes in class were later softened when the offending student was called to the priest's room, "bare as famine," with only a little table and chair, and a "wee rug" by his bed. Here he would receive a bag of choice candy—round sugar marbles with a large nut in the center.

Some students who later on became priests admitted that they owed much to the pious example of Father Tabb. His great devotion at Mass, his tender love for the blessed Virgin, his nightly saying of the Stations of the Cross—those were things that the boys noticed. On many a night young eyes secretly watched the tall gaunt figure of the priest, carrying a little candle, set in an old tin holder, as he said the Stations. They told of his long meditation

at the fourth, when Christ meets His blessed Mother. Some said that the yellow glow of the candle revealed tears when he came to the eleventh, where Christ is nailed to the cross.

During his long career of teaching, his pen was busy writing poetry. He was at his best in very short poems. The quatrain became a flexible instrument in his hands, with power, beauty, and delicacy. "It is not without cause," observed Alice Meynell, "that his complete poems are so brief. Sudden flights of song are they, and swift and far, but quickly closed, all complete."

In them he reveals himself a master of words. He weaves them cleverly into his verses, blending their sounds to draw out their beauty and power. Frequently he made cumbersome thoughts cast off their heaviness and dance on words of life and color. The music that runs through his verse is only an echo of the deeper music in his soul. In *A Legacy* note the musical beauty:

*Do you remember, little cloud,
This morning, when you lay
A mist along the river, what
The waters had to say?*

*And how the many colored flowers
That on the margin grew
All promised when the day was done
To leave their tints to you?*

Some poems are light and frivolous. To Father Tabb, poetry was a means of expressing himself and he used it for many occasions. Where others would write a letter he would rhyme a few clever lines and print them with pencil or pen on the back of a penny postcard,

sometimes accompanied with an appropriate sketch.

This light verse reveals a rare sense of humor. It has a spontaneity and an unusual turn that provokes thoughtful laughter. Andrew Lang, the critic, once misspelled Father Tabb's name. The latter replied in the poem *To Mr. Andrew Lang, Who Misspelled My Name "Tab"*:

*O why should Old Lang Sign
A compliment to me
(If it indeed is mine)
And filch my final b?
To him as to the Dane
In his soliloquy,
This question comes again,—
"2b or not 2b?"*

In his serious work he tells much of his own life, his love for the human and divine, the little common things of life, the innocence of childhood, the beauty of nature in all her moods. At times he sings with the sheer joy of singing. And at other times a strain of melancholy, delicate and tender, runs through his work, as in his poem *Childhood*:

*Old Sorrow I shall meet again
And Joy, perchance—but never,
never,
Happy Childhood, shall we twain
See each other's face forever!
And yet I would not call thee back,
Dear Childhood, lest the sight of me,
Thine old companion, on the rack
Of Age, should sadden even thee.*

He had reason for this melancholy strain. The lengthening shadow of his

blindness was drawing nearer and he anticipated the total darkness that was to shroud his life. With this in mind he penned these pathetic lines to *Going Blind*:

*Back to the primal gloom
Where life began
As to my mother's womb
Must I a man
Return:
Not to be born again,
But to remain;
And in the school of Darkness learn
What mean
"The things unseen."*

Throughout this period he never lost his sense of humor. He wanted no sympathy and accepted none. He desired to carry his cross alone.

He became totally blind a year before his death. To one who loved life as he did, it must have been a terrible affliction. Not to view again the faces of those dear to him, the beauty of a spring day dancing across the meadow, the trees robed in the gorgeous colors of autumn, the stars set like jewels in a black and velvet sky—such privations alone would be sufficient to produce a profound gloom. If they did, he never revealed it.

He continued his writing, and the thoughts and feelings of this lonesome period are recorded in a *Sunset Song*, *The Image Maker*, *Waves*, and *Blind*. A growing paralysis gradually hampered his activity and eventually left him quite helpless. Death came peacefully to him during the night of Nov. 19, 1909.

Sounds You Cannot Hear

By ORLANDO ALOYSIUS BATTISTA

Inaudible action

Condensed from the *Catholic Boy**

Two persons in a haunted house might well have many qualms about sounds they hear, or think they hear, not only because of the ghosts they conjure in their imaginations, but for very worthy scientific reasons. For example, one of them might be able to hear the cries of the bats (there are always bats in a haunted house) while the other might not hear a thing. This could happen because the cry of a bat is so close to the upper limit of human audibility.

Sound travels by waves, and the number of ripples which reach your eardrum each second is what is known as the frequency of vibration of the sound. The human ear in good condition will distinguish sounds that cover a little more than the range of notes a good player is able to extract from a piano. Whereas the piano covers a range of about seven octaves, our human ears may detect a range of ten octaves, or sounds whose "ripples" reach the ear at the rate of from about 20 a second to a little less than 20,000; if one hears anything outside this range, his ear or the sound is definitely not human. But our ears do not by any means hear all of the sounds that are being made about us, for sounds with frequencies more than 50 million times as fast as the highest note the human ear can detect have been studied by physicists.

It may be an academic question as to whether or not waves with such phenomenal vibration frequencies are actually sounds, since nobody has or ever will hear them, but we do know that they exist.

The science of inaudible sound is one which is receiving considerable attention. Today, elastic waves far outside the bounds of human audibility have been harnessed and put to work at hundreds of important jobs in the industrial and biological fields. The tremendous advances that have thus far been made with ultrasonic and ultrashort waves represent only a wedge in the fascinating untapped expanses that lie ahead for the research physicist.

Many of our great chemical industries are using very short sound waves for a dozen or more manufacturing processes. In the metal industries generally, ultrasonic waves are employed to control the crystallization of metals from molten masses. They are also used to remove infinitesimal pockets of air trapped within the melt which would cause imperfections and decreased tensile strength if not removed. Some of our most important alloys could not be made without the use of the ultrashort waves for emulsification and coagulation. And many a 200-foot stack no longer spouts billows of black smoke and tons of soot which have in the past

*25 Groveland Terrace, Minneapolis, Minn. May, 1944.

been so deliberately painting our white houses black, thanks to the use of ultrasonic mechanisms. These instruments are capable, literally, of shaking the colloidal particles of coal dust together so rapidly and so violently that they organize in large colonies and settle at the bottom of the sack.

Our research chemists and industrial technologists have used the mysterious potential of extremely short high-frequency waves in the manufacture of synthetic rubber, petroleum products, aviation fuels, and many new chemical compounds. Dozens of chemical reactions, which had been attempted for many years without success, have been found to proceed smoothly just as soon as ultrasonic waves were produced in the vicinity of the reaction flasks. Other compounds have been found to explode instantaneously in the presence of such waves.

In the biological field, the ultrasonic waves have also been used with remarkable success. They have been used in the destruction of malignant tissues, and for coagulating or dispersing serums and toxins. One of their most interesting applications was initiated by Dr. Leslie Chalmers some years ago, in his fight against typhus. The typhoid-fever germ possesses a relatively hard outer shell, and under certain conditions there accumulates within this shell an anti-body fluid by means of

which immunity from typhoid fever may be produced. The problem of recovering this anti-body from the typhus germs was solved with ultrasonic waves. The hulls of the germs disintegrated under the violent beating they received, releasing the precious lifesaving anti-body fluids.

Ultrasonic waves are being made the basis of equipment to provide violent agitation without stirring. With such an apparatus, whipped cream or a milk shake may be prepared in a jiffy. Milk may be homogenized and made more digestible, and sound waves which we cannot hear do the mixing. Several patents have been granted on the use of ultrasonic waves to influence the behavior of yeast in the bread-making industry, and potatoes have been made to grow much faster when treated with them. In addition, ultrasonics are used extensively in depth sounding of the ocean, and by commercial fishermen who are able to locate schools of fish by means of them.

Our physicists are interested in and intrigued by the useful and somewhat mysterious properties of ultrasonic and ultrashort waves. They are expanding their researches on the basis of the results they have achieved while solving some of the urgent problems of the war. We may, indeed, expect to *feel* the effects of the many sounds we cannot hear, soon after the war is over.

Radio advertisements are friendly: they tell you how to cure the headache they give you.

The Holyoke Transcript quoted in the *Catholic Mirror* (March '44).

Civil War Photographer

By JAMES ALDREDGE

Condensed from the *Victorian**

Covered-wagon camera days

The U. S. Civil War was the first war in history to receive the full attention of photographers. Carefully guarded in Washington today, amid the archives of the War College, is a priceless historic treasure. It is the story of this conflict, told in more than 3,500 photographs.

That amazing collection bears out the record of how Uncle Sam's generals cooperated freely with photographers. No barrier was placed in their way and they had the run of all the battlefronts. Yet, this might never have happened if it had not been for Matthew R. Brady. The War College photographs constitute a living monument to his enterprise.

Brady was born in Ireland, but was brought to America in early boyhood. At 15 he was holding down a job in A. T. Stewart's big department store in New York City. Something about his looks must have appealed to his employer, for Stewart made it possible for him to take a trip abroad with Samuel F. B. Morse, then dreaming dreams of a thing called the "telegraph."

In Paris, Morse took his young protégé through the laboratory of Louis Daguerre. What Brady saw fired his imagination to such an extent that upon his return he began experimenting on his own. Four years later he had perfected the daguerreotype to the point

where he felt safe in opening a little commercial studio on lower Broadway. The curious came and were so pleased with what they got that Brady's portraits soon became the rage of fashionable society.

Yet, despite all his popularity, money must have meant very little to this trail blazer. After ten years of unbroken success, Brady suddenly threw over daguerreotypes in favor of pictures made with the new tricky wet-plate process. Fortune continued to smile upon him, and once more his studio was crowded with patrons.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Brady saw a great opportunity. He had photographed scores of the national leaders on both sides. Now he felt the government should stand back of a complete photographic record of that struggle. Aflame with his idea, Brady hurried to Washington and presented his plan so convincingly that Lincoln promptly gave it hearty approval. The result was that Brady and a staff of assistants were extended the protection of the U.S. Secret Service and were officially authorized to make pictures on every battlefield.

For the next four years Brady was very busy. His queer-looking wagon with the light-proof curtains, a dark-room on wheels, aroused endless curiosity among the soldiers, so much so

*Lackawanna, N. Y. March, 1944.

that it became known as Brady's "What Is It?" He went everywhere the armies did, and often, when he set up his tripod, he became a target for sharpshooters. The risks he ran and his narrow escapes from death would fill a book. At the first battle of Bull Run he had just got his camera set up when the Confederates rallied and he had to join the retreat, leaving his equipment behind. Re-outfitted in New York, he returned with his famous wagon and followed every movement of the Army of the Potomac.

To Matthew Brady, Americans are indebted for some of their finest pictures of Abraham Lincoln. When the tall President was photographed on a visit to McClellan's headquarters, he loomed above all the generals. Battle pictures, on the other hand, could be both grim and suggestive. The terrible carnage of Gettysburg is made plain by dead sharpshooters in Devil's Den, but, at Antietam, even the photographer didn't know the outcome. He caught only the heavy pall of smoke and the artillery horses and caissons.

Sometimes the photographer showed the war in a lighter mood. A visit of officers' wives to camp was no ordinary occasion; the sheen of silk hoop skirts leaves no doubt that those ladies had come in their "Sunday best." Booted aide-de-camps mounted on superb horses, Army engineers hastily erecting bridges, cannoners ramming their charges home—all these were grist for Brady's camera mill.

After all his labors, Brady came out of the Civil War a ruined man. Ten

years later, as a gesture of appreciation, Congress bought the set of war pictures which are now housed by the War College. The price was \$25,000, but this sum came nowhere near offsetting Brady's great expense. It is estimated that he spent at least \$100,000 on the Civil War.

He opened a studio in Washington, but his name no longer held its old lure. Patrons came in a dwindling trickle. Along with poverty in his final years, he had to contend with rheumatism and failing eyesight. The final blow fell when he was run over by a carriage in Washington. For long, slow, weeks he lay flat on his back. When he recovered, he visited friends in New York, and there, very soon, tragedy stalked him again, bringing sickness and swift death.

The year before he died Brady himself did not know what had happened to a duplicate set of Civil War photographs. Originally, they had been turned over to a New Yorker to whom he had gone heavily in debt for photographic supplies. Then for ten years they were kicked from pillar to post. At length, they were rescued from an attic, and became the property of successive owners. But it was not until 1911, 50 years after the firing on Fort Sumter and 15 years after Brady's death, that Edward Bailey Eaton of Hartford, Conn., offered them as the nucleus of a photographic history of the war. When that was published, all Americans could see for themselves the monumental accomplishment of the nation's pioneer war photographer.

Is There a Free Press?

By TED LE BERTHON

Condensed from the *Tidings**

Who is tied to whose chariot?

Ask any man or any woman walking along any street if he or she believes in freedom. The answer will be, "Why, of course." You might as well ask if people believe in eating. I'm for freedom in the sense of the exercise of free will or the possession of the power to choose that which seems to me most desirable in a viewpoint, most desirable in the selection of friends.

But how many publishers of daily secular newspapers in the U.S. have any such freedom? The great majority of secular newspaper publishers today are only free to serve Mammon, and once they weaken in their service to Mammon, it is the beginning of the end. They have free choice. If they attempt to serve God, they will soon have no newspaper. Their financial support will be withdrawn.

A few big advertising agencies control the accounts of the great chain organizations which dole out millions of dollars of advertising annually. In virtually every big American city, the department store that is the biggest buyer of advertising space is part of a chain of huge stores, although this usually is not known to the general public. The same goes for the big movie palaces and the public markets.

The big monopolist advertisers are never silly enough to tell a publisher, much less put it in writing, that he

must support the legislation most favored by big business. But if he doesn't support it, he may find that he is cut out of the next year's advertising appropriations, and the reason given him will never, of course, be the real reason.

Publishers like to deny hotly that such controls exist. They will insist that big advertisers are solely interested in circulation and in the buying power of the readers among whom the paper circulates, and are not interested in what social, political or economic viewpoints the newspaper attempts to inculcate editorially.

Such publishers deceive themselves. Big advertisers are not only interested in selling goods to the consuming public, but in the profit to be made thereby. If a newspaper's editorial policy should vigorously favor high taxes on excess earnings, or "the showing of books" when corporations claim they cannot pay a certain wage, that would hurt big business, and there would be reprisals.

The so-called "liberal" publisher will often claim that he does attack "big business" and is on the side of "the people." True, he often appears to be. Actually, his function is to make the masses think they are getting "the low-down" on local, state, national, and world issues. In short, he is a pleasant flatterer. The big controls behind the scenes, as well as the "liberal" paper's

*3241 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, 7, Calif. March 17, 1944.

own important stockholders, know it is advisable as well as financially profitable to have in every city one newspaper that appears to champion the masses. For this not only prevents social unrest, but opens up a medium by which advertisers reach sections of buying power not reached by the more elegant dailies which cater to a more fastidious buying element.

In any city, department stores are the biggest advertising-space buyers. Such stores have paid notoriously low wages for decades and have resisted unionization longer, as a rule, than any other class of business. But where has one ever read of a "liberal" publisher championing higher wages for shop-girls? Or longer lunch periods? Or shorter hours, hours spent on their feet? Or unionization? He dares not. He needs department-store advertising revenue. The stores could reach the masses through shopping-news throw-aways or over the radio. In addition, department-store ads interest women more than most news items.

A secular newspaper publisher is not

free, and there is no freedom for his kind of press. Yet this does not mean that there should be governmental or bureaucratic control of his policies. There would be no real freedom of the press, no free will, no free choice in governmental control either.

There is only one freedom of the press: that exercised today by the Catholic press, which aims to present news that is related to the attempts to spread Christ's scale of values and the attempts of enemies to frustrate this spread. It is Christ who says, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." And this truth is that one shall love God and shall love one's neighbor as one's self, and shall be ever really concerned for the least of these as the condition for coming into life everlasting.

The daily papers are a nightmare of confusion. But a Catholic paper is full of a quiet beauty. It speaks of Christ's love and Christ's peace, which brings us freedom from the world's illusions—the subject matter of the secular press and its enslaver.



Premise

For the most part, our education in public schools and colleges proceeds as if there were no God, and leaves it to the youngster to find out whether there is or not. My many experiences have helped me to formulate a philosophy of education which would place, as a central theme in all educational efforts, an assumption of God as source of the laws of life by which we are to govern ourselves.

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker in an address before the National Education Association, New York City. (23 Feb. '44).

Russians Are Religious

By J. F. MacFARLANE, S.J.

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions**

Attack from within

Premier Joseph Stalin was the last one in the world we would expect to admit it, but recently when he appointed a patriarch and reestablished the Church Synod, he implicitly admitted that many Russians are still religious. Has he given up his fight against religion, and must we revise our ideas about him?

Let us look at the facts. Contempt of religion is not just an insane prejudice that has no place in the political economic theory of communism; it is a logically necessary conclusion of the foundations of that theory. Stalin has not, you notice, promised to stop persecuting the Church. For 26 years the most ruthless, clever, and fanatical persecution has been waged against religion in Russia. During all those years, religious freedom was officially proclaimed.

Three times there was a temporary lull in the attacks, only to be followed by a change of tactics, more subtle and experienced. The tactics changed; the goal was never renounced.

First there was exile, mockery, violence and bloodshed to intimidate the halfhearted. Suddenly there was a calm spell when freedom was mouthed again, during which time the acting patriarch Sergius, after professing complete loyalty to the government, was recognized by Stalin, just as was done

recently. Then the second attack began, against the people as well as the clergy, by closure and seizure of churches, taxation of Church members, and making holydays work days. After a few ruthless years, a lull came again, due to international political complications, war in the Far East, the rise of Hitler, and the opening of popular-front activities to win outside allegiance. The third attack began by a sudden and violent attack on both clergy and religious people as subversive enemies of the state. There is now another expedient lull in the same campaign.

In those 26 years, the Church in Russia lost an estimated 50% of its members, 75% of its bishops, 90% of its clergy, 97% of its monasteries and all its schools and seminaries. Stalin stands condemned on his record, but is he now changing? Put the question this way: Is he now deserting his loyal soldiers, his workers, and party members who have become atheists under him, and turning to an unorganized group who have resisted his determined program all along? He is changing, without doubt, but only changing tactics.

Then why this much publicized recent action of recognizing religion again? The publicity gives a clue. Under stress of war, communism has had to take a back seat in most countries. The Balkans, whose religion is related

*962 Madison Ave., New York City, 21. March, 1944.

to the Russian Church, are now under the Soviet eye. Atheistic Russia finds itself in danger of being surrounded, and to a great extent opposed, by a religious-minded world. A lot of that opposition would melt away if it could be shown that religion and communism could get along together.

It looks as though we are in for another era of "popular-front" tricks and boring from within. The "dissolution of the Comintern" stated clearly that only tactics had to be changed. It left the goal intact. The American communist-party membership followed the party line and went underground, to pop up as respectable Democrats and Republicans. They must be concerned about the growing strength of the religious front. We can expect Catholics to be isolated and smeared, and open-handed appeals made to all who show any signs of leftist leanings. Thus the religious front is to be divided and weakened and the "danger" of a united Christian world averted. Soon again there will be good communists in the front pews of churches. All the others will be fascists and reactionaries.

Yet, how explain the fact that religion has survived at all in Russia? What is this amazing Russian religious spirit that has survived centuries of czarist domination without withering, 26 years of communistic persecution without giving up, and today still lives in the hearts of people who will fight and die as the Russians have, and support that persecuting government as they certainly have, in this war against the nazis?

We must avoid oversimplification, but fundamentally the answer is this fact: their religion is more of the heart than of the head. It is harder to change deep-rooted attachments than to change ideas and external conformity. As a result, they can be deceived without ever giving up completely what is so deep in their natures.

Their type of religion and its services answer expressly something particular in the Russian soul. An Easter midnight ceremony would thrill Stalin himself if he were to go this year. Practically every service is sung; the music is Russian, written by some of their best composers; the art is Russian, ancient and venerated, and produced by some of their best artists. The language, old Slavonic, is nearer to Russian than Italian is to Latin. The prayers of every liturgy (which we call the Mass) are for them, their farms, homes, their sick; for travelers, soldiers, rulers, peace, prosperity, and protection from evil—all the things that make up the substance of human living for poor people, and which, when awry, make up its burdens. Russia was always Holy Russia to them no matter how much they suffered, because all they loved and treasured was bound up together by common traditions of fatherland and religion. Poor though they were, religion was one possession they could call their own, and as such it was part of their lives. The communists were able to make them change their place and manner of work; they could not force them to forget the things they loved.

But suppose now that Stalin offers to

this religiously starved, poorly instructed and almost leaderless group a half measure of religious freedom for the price of full submission to the state. Most of the few remaining priests and bishops must be old men; the youngest must be over 50. Reports have it that seminaries are to be opened again. Is that what Stalin wishes? Having failed to crush religion by attacks from without, there is still one chance of boring from within in the seminaries.

This will be a severe test for the Orthodox Church. Its handicaps are enormous: libraries scattered or destroyed, teachers dead or worn out, or at least 20 years away from their books, and young candidates—what can be done if they come as communists?

To point out briefly the big difference between the European thinking of communism and the eastern thinking of Oriental theology will throw light from another angle on the nature of Russian religion.

The Russians were technically Roman Catholics for only 66 years, from their official conversion under Vladimir in 988 to the Great Schism between the eastern and western Catholic Church about 1054. They had received their Christianity primarily from Byzantium (now Constantinople) which was then the seat of the eastern Roman Empire and the center of the Greek branch of the one true Church. Russia's lot was cast with Byzantium in the split. The East was fading into decay and the West was soon to come back to life.

The Russian people had little or no

contact with that revival. As a result all the movements which went into the making of Europe and the sharpening of the western thinking by-passed the Russian peasants. A simple list of them is amazing. The rise of Scholasticism and of scientific theology and philosophy; the Crusades; multiplication of universities and scholars; the active Religious Orders of the West (the eastern Religious are almost exclusively contemplatives and students); the Renaissance; controversies with the heretics; world discoveries and colonial expansion of Spain, Portugal, France and England; the struggles between Church and state, and the juridical system of Church management; growth of the scientific spirit and the spread of education and reading; the French Revolution; and the Industrial Revolution.

The intelligentsia and court circles of Russia knew of those movements, and some of the monks and religious leaders profited by them, but they affected little the life of the Russian peasant. Today's Russian people are largely the descendants of those peasants. Even the average priest was not very well educated in our sense of that phrase. Russian theology among the scholars never had the progressive clarification that Roman theology experienced. In many ways it remains the theology of the Fathers with commentaries of able minds through the centuries.

Communism, on the other hand, is European thinking, German, to be explicit, the summation of nearly all the brilliant errors of 1,000 years of European thought, equally armed for attack

and for defense. If communism moves into the seminaries, these are the opponents who will meet in the struggle for the religious soul of Russia.

And will the Russian believers go down in defeat by this new ruse? God alone knows, but those who are ac-

quainted with them do not believe it. More may be lost, but a remnant, please God, a large one, will hold firm until deliverance. In spite of czars, Stalin, communism, persecution and treachery, they have proved to the world that they are a religious people.



Only One U.S. Fighter

The dispatch from London says that this raid had been made "at the cost of only one American fighter plane."

Maybe the boy who didn't come back from the raid that was made "at the cost of only one U. S. fighter" drew low when he cut the cards with fate. Maybe he went down with a pattern of machine-gun slugs across his chest or his belly, choking on his own blood and thinking the crazy thoughts that must come during the last few moments of life.

Maybe the boy, lighter and lighter of head, tried to recall the equation for the acceleration of a fall, which he had learned in physics back in high school. Or he might have sandwiched in a quick Act of Contrition for a dull and shallow evening he had spent last payday in London. Maybe he had a recollection of some teacher whose fine character had opened to him the doors to a world of high idealism. Did he murmur, "Mother of Divine Grace, pray for me"?

He must have had a girl with whom he had gravely discussed the pro and con of marriage during wartime, with whom he had talked of a future home and children and a career, in whose understanding presence he must have been giddy with happiness. Or did he have some of the cynic in him? Did he think perhaps she would be too dramatic in her sorrow?

Doubtless he thought of his mother, praying for his safe return. Only another second now. And his father's sheepish pride and affection when he had won his wings. Here we go.

I hope the seconds were too short for the boy's thoughts, spinning faster and faster, to dwell upon his "statistical unimportance." I hope the villagers in France put some fall flowers on his grave, and had the curé say a Mass for him.

All "at the cost of only one American fighter plane."

Edwin A. Lahey in the *Chicago Daily News* quoted by the *Chaplain's Digest* (March '44).

No Good-by

By MARY LANIGAN HEALY

I will go with you

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

The soldier walked slowly up the path. He was leaner and harder and browner than the day he went away, straighter and more certain in his movements. And he hadn't worn wings on his chest then either. But really he had not changed. Inside, he was the same, like the broken fence, the old mailbox and everything else about the place.

He could hear the doorbell ringing through the house and soon he could hear the swift step of his mother. He could hear his own heart, too. It fairly thumped his ribs. Then the door opened and there she was. Nice, comfortable-looking mom. The same. Of course the same.

"Tommy!" she said, "Tommy! It's you!" And of all things, she began to cry! Looking straight at him, tears filled her blue eyes and spilled down her cheeks. Not the same way she had cried when he went away, but crying again. That made twice now in his life he'd seen mom cry. And swiftly, he decided. He wouldn't see her cry again. He just wouldn't let on he had to leave in the morning. He'd slip into his old place in the family for a few hours and out again. There would be no tears to remember.

He reached out and drew his mother close. "Hey! Hey!" he said. "Hey! Lady, none of that."

Mom protested in a smothered voice against his chest, "I'll cry if I like to, Tommy Gleason. Lieutenant Gleason, if you please!" And he realized that the peculiar tone of her voice was as much due to laughter as tears. Queer. He just patted her shoulder and didn't answer; and she said, "If I'd only known you were coming, I could have. . ."

He looked over her shoulder into the living room and said, "There's nothing you could have done to make it sweeter than it is." There were dad's pipes near the radio. A magazine was on the table the way he had left it. The picture of the Sacred Heart was above the mantel.

Mom was looking him over now. "You're different, Tommy. You're so . . . so. . ."

"So-so, Lady? I think you're tops!"

"You know I don't mean you're so-so, you rascal. It's just that you're such a man, Tommy."

"You bet, mom. You bet. Who could fly a P-38 but a man?" That answer would serve. He knew he couldn't say: Mom, the sun baked me outside, and the Army drilled my muscles hard. My eyes are used to blacking out in a power dive and I know what it is to sail through the sky with a guardian angel flying like a convoy by my side. I've heard wings beside a solo plane, I've traveled with new presences in the

**Notre Dame, Ind. March 4, 1944.*

air. And I'm older and younger than when I went away, but I am just the same in spite of it. I want to be the same and I want you and everyone I left to be the same. So I can go away again and be sure of what I leave behind, and of what I can come back to some day.

"Got anything to eat?"

"Why, the idea of me standing here! Had your breakfast, son?"

"Nary a bite."

"Oh, Tommy! Just a minute and I'll set you a place in the dining room."

He followed her into the kitchen. "Not for me, mom. I'll eat in the kitchen, like I always did. If this family thinks you're going to serve meals at all hours in style. . . . If this family thinks this is a short order house. . . ."

Mom's laugh was grand to hear. "I never did talk like that, Tommy."

"Sure you did. We were raised on it."

He swung the kitchen stool between his legs and sat there watching her and the kitchen. Old friends. The bright oilcloth. The soft throb of the electric refrigerator. A shining milk bottle on the drain board. The black wooden crucifix nailed above the sink.

"Bet you haven't any sugar for the coffee," he said.

She flashed a smile. "I've saved a pound of it in case you came." He liked that. He liked the idea of the family skimping on sugar and putting the pound away for him. It was a sign of something.

"How's everybody?" he asked, just as though he'd been gone a few days.

"Grand. Fine. As I always wrote you. Now, Tommy, how long can you stay?"

"Trying to get rid of me already?"

"You know better."

"How's dad?" he countered, changing the subject fast.

"Dad's fine. He works hard, of course. Overtime most every day. But he says it's an honor to make 'em for a son to fly 'em."

"That goes for me the other way round," Tommy said.

"And the youngsters are fine. I'm afraid Walter will get a notion that he could pass for 17 and try to join the Navy. He's so big for 13. And Sis is all right. She is like a grownup since you went away."

"And Kitty Connors. How's she?" As if it didn't matter, as if the world were full of Kitty Connorses!

Mom said, "Kitty is just the same." That was what he wanted to hear, but it was what he knew.

"I guess I'll go see her tonight."

"Of course," mom said.

The day passed quickly. Tommy sat around and talked with mom. He followed her about the house and went out in the yard to see how things were. Neighbors exclaimed over him and he felt warm and good in their regard. Every once in awhile when someone said, "How long you gonna be home?" he staved them off with a joke.

It was funny how it was all exactly as he'd dreamed it. A fellow got to dreaming about home, even when he was awake. A fellow could see the face of a loved one in the darkest pit of a

black-out dive at high altitude. He could hear a girl laugh above the constant roar of twin motors on his plane. He could see a broken picket fence even while his finger traced a place on a map marked "Objective."

Dad and Sis and Walter welcomed him in a different way. Dad said, "Tom, you're a great lad. We're proud of you." And he clasped his hand hard and looked for a moment as though he would kiss him as he had when he was small. But he didn't. He just hung on to his hand and said again, "We're proud of you."

Sis said, "Look what's here. And is it nice!" And she lifted her face for a big-brother kiss.

Walter didn't get much further than, "Gosh! Gee! Gosh! Wait till I tell Bud."

When dad offered grace at supper there was a moment when he felt his blood hot and throbbing. He thought, "This is perfect. This is right." And his blood slowed down and he looked cautiously at them all. He knew this was what he'd wanted to remember whenever he shoved off for in the next day or so after he was back. This was it. And it was as though he had crept out of a jungle up to a lighted window of home and observed them all there, and then soundlessly crept away. That was the way he would do it. Surprise them in the midst of life as he'd left it, and leave it unbroken by his going. No good-by.

When he came up to the Connors' porch that evening, the jasmine was in flower and drenching the moist night

air. The radio inside was set to music.

Kitty came to the door herself, as though she were actually expecting him. She didn't say a word. She was a quiet girl anyway, in spite of that red hair. Now there didn't seem to be anything to say. He opened his arms and she went in and he kissed her lips. It was a good kiss. A strong, good, clean kiss; a kiss that was for keeps.

"Come in, Tommy," she whispered.

She led him by the hand and the Connors clamored around in excitement. The old aunt couldn't hear well, had to have things explained. She asked, "Is the war over?" And Tom said, "No, just a leave." She shouted, "When did you say you'd leave?"

He said, "I just got home today." And it was accepted like that. Pretty soon he said, "Kitty, could we take a walk?"

She was up at once and left the room to come back with a coat draped over her shoulders without the sleeves filled. He liked it. He had seen lots of girls in the cities wear their coats like that. Over her red hair was a fancy-looking shawl. As they came outside he fingered it and asked, "What do you call that?"

"A fascinator," she told him.

They walked toward town. The jasmine scent was caught up with by other night fragrances. Once a bird sang sweet and clear overhead. He hadn't heard a bird sing at night since he'd gone away. He talked about the Army. He tried to tell her what it did to him to go up all alone in the sky. He tried to unbottle the things he'd corked in

his soul since he went away. And miraculously they flowed out of him. Easily, without effort, into her gray upturned eyes. She nodded sometimes. Sometimes she spoke. But it was what he wanted. To make her understand how he was when away; of the things he did until it was time to return. Everyone they met downtown stopped to shake hands.

When they came by the church he said, "Let's go in." She nodded; they walked up the old steps and went into the vestibule together. They genuflected side by side and then walked up to the altar railing and knelt there. The red light shone down on the faded carpet. It touched the altar lace the deaf aunt had made. It marked the worn floor where Tommy had walked to pass the Communion paten when he was an altar boy. Tommy looked at all of it and he looked at the bottom step inside the rail with a tender glance. That was where couples knelt at nuptial Masses. It was the place he and Kitty would kneel when he came back. It had an air of waiting, that old step. Tommy said the prayers he'd saved up so long to say here in St. John's.

Going back to Kitty's house, they walked even slower than when they'd gone up town. At last all the steps were used up and they were home.

"I'll go in and tell the folks good night," Tom said.

As though she hadn't heard, Kitty asked, "When are you going back?"

He could not shove the question aside. He had to answer those gray

eyes of hers, so he said, "By the three o'clock plane."

She didn't cry. She nodded the least tiny bit as though she'd known all along.

"Why didn't you tell it before?" she asked. "Were you going to go without telling it at all?"

"I didn't want to say good-by," he whispered.

She gestured toward the steeple of St. John's, toward the stores and the schools and the houses where people lived. She said, "You don't have to say good-by to any of it, Tommy; nor to me."

"Why, Kitty?"

He knew the answer was important. He knew it was the one he had been groping for in his own lonely way but hadn't had the skill to find.

"Because we are part of you," she said.

And then his heart began to sing and he knew what she said was true. He had come back to make sure the things were here that he was fighting to defend. And the things he was shielding were locked safely in his heart. His family, his home, the girl he loved; that broken picket on a fence, jasmine fragrant in the night, the past, the future, the hereafter, all of it. And for it there was not and never could be good-by.

All this he believed, looking straight into Kitty's eyes. Because for a love that stretched from the past into the future into the brightness and certainty of a hereafter, there was no good-by.

Monte Cassino Democracy

By MERLIN J. GUILFOYLE

Condensed from the *Monitor**

Bombs, bullets, books, ballots

Monte Cassino: razed by the Lombards, pillaged by the Saracens, sacked by Emperor Frederick II, plundered by the French under Napoleon, confiscated by the Italian government, robbed by the nazis, and destroyed by an American need, it has been true to the motto on its coat of arms, *Succisa Virescit* (Cut down, it ever grows). The story of bombs and bullets has been told already; likewise the story of books and precious manuscripts, preserved by the monks, has been written. It may be opportune to add the story of ballots, the process of election, the boast of America, which originated in the Abbey of Monte Cassino.

When St. Benedict founded his monastery, he introduced into his rule the idea of election. He desired that the ruler of the community should be selected by the general consent of the whole monastery. The abbot chosen by the monks was presented to the bishop for his confirmation. Pope Gregory the Great told the bishops always to appoint the man selected by vote of the community. This balloting of the Benedictines influenced the Code of Justinian, the law of the Church, and the whole world. Thus this element of the democratic tree, which shelters America, had its seed on the Mount of Cassino.

It is the conviction of the Church

that a majority may be right, but need not be. That is why in all her legislation she stresses the rights of a minority. Still the safer procedure suggests that, with the proper motives, the majority can, and usually does, reach truth. It is therefore by a majority election that a candidate receives a right to an office, which is then conferred by the Church.

In the course of time kings began to interfere in the democratic processes of Church elections, so that she had to legislate: "No city is to be forced to take a bishop, if he has not been freely chosen by clergy and people. He shall not be appointed at the command of a prince against the will of the metropolitan and comprovincials." After a long struggle for democratic election against the interference of the German emperors, the Church finally set up the procedure for voting.

The general plan is maintained in the present code of Canon Law. At the appropriate time the voters are given notice of the time and place of election. It is necessary that anyone with a right to vote be actually present in the place at the hour of election. The only exception is made for a voter who is ill, and confined to an infirmary on the same premises as the place of balloting. Only those who have a right to vote are admitted to the polling place. If anyone

*125 12th St., San Francisco, Calif. March 11, 1944.

is illegitimately present, the election is automatically null. If any lay person interferes in the election, the choice is thereby invalid.

When the voters have assembled the process begins with a prayer to the Holy Spirit; on the morning of election a votive Mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated.

The president of the election is the local bishop or his delegate, or in exempt monasteries the regular superior. A secretary, appointed by law or custom, is notary of the election. Two or more tellers are appointed to count votes and tabulate results. They are sometimes appointed permanently by law or by a distinct election. They take an oath to perform their duty faithfully and secretly.

The votes are read aloud as the ballots are opened; the first teller calls out the name, and passes it to the second, who repeats it. If there are more ballots than voters, the election is null.

The first person to receive an absolute majority is elected. If such a total is not obtained on the first ballot, a second ballot is cast. If no one receives an absolute majority, the third scrutiny will bring about an election with a relative majority. Failure on the third ballot to reach a relative majority gives the president the deciding vote, but if he does not wish to break the tie, then the election goes to the senior by ordination, profession or age.

If the Benedictine conviction that a ruler is a father were realized by all who govern, the common good would be better served. Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely; the head of a monastery, however, is called *abbot*, which means father. It was a Benedictine pope who started the custom of signing his letters, "Servant of the Servants of God." Monte Cassino has been leveled, but if its democratic spirit does not survive, mankind has lost the war.



Whodunit

In many southern states three citizens in each district form a kind of board for the local school. Often the stupidity of these "destrict trustees" is a drag rather than a help. A teacher in a tumble-down one-room school, anxious to show off before a visitation of trustees, asked a boy, "Who signed the Magna Charta?" The boy didn't know (and there's no reason why he should). After scraping one bare foot against the other, he muttered, "I dunno. I didn't do it!" and started for his seat. A watchful trustee shouted, "Teacher, call that boy back! I don't like his face. I'll bet he done it!"

Charles S. Johnson quoted in *13 Against the Odds* by Edwin R. Embree (Viking, 1944).

Social Reconstruction

By JOHN A. RYAN

Progress in 25 years

Condensed from the *American Catholic Sociological Review**

The 25th anniversary of the Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction was on Feb. 12. In 1918, as today, men were confidently looking forward to the near approach of victory for the Allied powers. Then, as today, individuals and organizations desiring a better social order were drawing up plans and programs. More than 100 such productions appeared in the latter half of 1918 and the first half of 1919.

A typical, conservative expression of the attitude and expectations that characterized social-minded observers 25 years ago occurs in the foreword the bishops of the Administrative Committee attached to their program:

"The ending of the Great War has brought peace. But the only safeguard of peace is social justice and a contented people. The deep unrest so emphatically and so widely voiced throughout the world is the most serious menace to the future peace of every nation and of the entire world. Great problems face us. They cannot be put aside; they must be met and solved with justice to all."

To what extent were these problems "met and solved with justice to all"?

Despite their favorable reception by important elements in our society, particularly religious and labor and even the press, none of the measures recommended in the Bishops' Program was

translated into concrete reality for more than 12 years. That was the period to which certain politicians and other inadequate persons applied the barbarous and blatant term "normalcy," but which realistic persons now look upon as a time of pseudo prosperity, benighted materialism and manifold reaction. Happily, our people emerged from that delusion through the salutary, if not sweet, uses of adversity. Beginning in 1929 the country experienced a deep, wide, and prolonged industrial depression.

Within the last ten years the majority of the principal measures recommended in the Bishops' Program have obtained either partial or complete legislative expression. Here are the main proposals:

1. Minimum wage legislation;
2. insurance against unemployment, sickness, invalidity, and old age;
3. a 16-year minimum-age limit for working children;
4. the legal enforcement of the right of labor to organize;
5. continuation of the National War Labor Board;
6. a national employment service;
7. public housing for the working classes;
8. no general reduction of war-time wages and a long-distance program for increasing them;
9. prevention of excessive profits and incomes through a regulation of rates which would allow the owners of public utili-

*Loyola University, 6525 Sheridan Road, Chicago, 26, Ill. March, 1944.

ties only a fair rate of return on their actual investment, and through progressive taxes on inheritances, incomes, and excess profits; 10. effective control of monopolies, even through government competition if that should prove necessary; 11. participation of labor in management, and a wider distribution of ownership.

To what extent have these proposals been made effective? What are the prospects for their complete realization?

1. *Minimum wage legislation.* The Bishops' Program noted joyfully that "there is no longer any serious objection urged by impartial persons against the legal minimum wage." Within five years after these words were written, the Supreme Court, by a bare majority, declared unconstitutional all the American minimum wage laws then in existence. Fourteen years later, in 1937, this kind of legislation again became constitutional, owing to a change in the personnel of the Supreme Court. About half of the states now have minimum-wage laws applying to women and minors. But this is not all. In 1938, Congress enacted a federal law covering all industries engaged in or producing for interstate commerce and taking in adult men as well as women, and children over 16 years of age. In 1940, this statute was unanimously upheld by the Supreme Court. The logic of the decision which validated the social-security legislation indicates that the minimum-wage law could, under the general-welfare clause of the Constitution, be extended to all the industries and all the wage earners of the U. S.

2. *Insurance against unemployment, sickness, invalidity and old age.* The Social Security Act insures against unemployment and old age. While the provisions of the act do not cover agricultural laborers, nor domestic servants, nor a few other categories, they can easily be so extended and probably will be within a few years, unless our post-war history repeats that which followed the first World War, namely, a period of "normalcy," black reaction and indifference to social justice.

The outlook for insurance against sickness, or as it is generally called, health insurance, is not very bright. Although millions who are gravely suffering from unnecessary illnesses or from insufficient medical attention can obtain adequate care only through a system of public health insurance, that proposal is stubbornly opposed by powerful agencies.

Nevertheless, a health-insurance act could be framed which would not injure any legitimate group interest and at the same time would safeguard reasonable individual liberties. The most important provisions to achieve these ends would be: first, restriction of the compulsory features of the act to persons with incomes below a certain level, say \$3,000 a year; second, full freedom for any voluntary associated effort, such as group health projects and cooperative hospitalization. Whenever organized groups can guarantee to their membership at least as large benefits as those offered by the public system, they should be authorized to operate autonomously. Such an arrangement would

exemplify that fundamental principle of democracy which dictates that the state should never do anything for the citizens which they can do as well for themselves. Incidentally, it would go far to refute the charge that the health-insurance system involved "regimentation."

3. *A 16-year minimum-age limit for working children.* Despite the apparently decisive defeat of the Child Labor Amendment, the 16-year limit was incorporated in the Federal Fair Labor Standards Act, in 1938. This law covers only interstate commerce and industries that produce goods for interstate commerce; however, just as with the minimum-wage section of the law, the child-labor provision could probably be extended to interstate industries by legislation based upon the general-welfare clause of the Constitution. At any rate, the advances made toward ending the evil of child labor since the appearance of the Bishops' Program, a quarter of a century ago, represent substantial and satisfying progress.

4. *Legal enforcement of the right of labor to organize.* This has been fully achieved through the National Labor Relations Act, passed by Congress in 1935, and upheld by a "reformed" Supreme Court in 1937. The Social Security Act, the Fair Labor Standards Act, and the National Labor Relations Act provide greater benefits for labor and a nearer approach to social justice than all the other American legislation enacted since the adoption of the Constitution. Of these three measures, I consider the National Labor Relations Act

to be the most beneficent because it provides wage earners with the legal power and opportunity to help themselves.

5. *Continuation of the National War Labor Board.* This federal agency proved itself unusually successful in preventing strikes and adjusting industrial disputes during the first World War. The bishops' recommendation that it be continued in peacetime was not adopted by Congress. In this field, as elsewhere, the relations between government and industry were permitted to lapse into "normalcy," that is, into a policy of *laissez faire*. This disastrous mistake must not be repeated; the existing War Labor Board should, with suitable modifications, be empowered by Congress to deal with industrial disputes for an indefinite time after the fighting has ceased.

6. *A national employment service.* The bishops' recommendation that this war agency be continued in peace was likewise rejected by Congress. For several years now, however, we have had a joint federal and state system of offices which bring together jobless men and available employment.

7. *Public housing for the working class.* Some provision for this worthy object was made by Congress a few years ago. Since 1940, it has been greatly expanded, particularly in the vicinity of plants engaged in producing war materials. The magnitude of this activity should not be curtailed with the coming of peace. Private enterprise has never provided decent housing for the poorest-paid wage earners. Until it

shows itself able to do so, a large housing program for the working classes should be carried out by public authority.

8. *No general reduction of wartime wages.* In the main, this recommendation was followed until the coming of the great industrial depression which began in 1929. There is good ground for hope that it will be adopted after the present war unless the country is again plunged into a prolonged period of widespread unemployment. Such hope rests mainly upon the vastly increased power of labor unions and the considerably increased adoption by industrial leaders of the economic theory which underlies this proposal in the Bishops' Program. Among the reasons advanced in the program for continuing the wage levels reached in the first World War was this: "The large demand for goods which is created and maintained by high rates of wages and high purchasing power by the masses is the surest guarantee of a continuous and general operation of industrial establishments. It is the most effective instrument of prosperity for labor and capital alike."

The proportion of business men who accept this economic philosophy today is very much greater than 25 years ago.

9. *The prevention of excessive profits and incomes.* Two methods for attaining this end were advocated in the program: such regulation of the rates charged by public utilities as would allow the owners only a fair rate of return on their actual investment, and progressive taxes on incomes, inherit-

ances, and excess profits. The first of these devices has been enforced over a considerable area by the public regulatory commissions, aided by the more just and reasonable decisions on valuation which in recent years have issued from the Supreme Court.

Progressive taxation of incomes, inheritances, and excess profits during this war has gone far beyond anything dreamed of a quarter of a century ago. When peace returns, our enormous national debt will compel a continuation of such policy, with probably no very great reduction in the rates of taxation.

10. *Effective control of monopolies,* even through government competition if that should prove necessary. Effective control of monopolies made some progress under the vigorous enforcement of antitrust laws by Thurman Arnold. Although Arnold has been removed from that sphere through promotion to a federal judgeship, there is no reason why his work and policies could not be effectively carried on by successors after the war. The obstacles are formidable, but the need is certainly greater and more critical than it has ever been in the history of the U. S. Individual ownership and control has practically vanished from all departments of our national economy except two: the service industries and agriculture. Even in the service industries, 30% of the total business is carried on by corporations. Government competition with intractable monopolies has for some time been practiced by the Tennessee Valley Authority and other public agencies in the field of electric

power. It could easily be extended after the war in connection with the disposition of the enormous industrial equipment now owned by the federal government.

11. *Participation of labor in management, and a wider distribution of ownership.* Taken as a whole, this proposal has made little or no progress.

As means to wider distribution, the Bishops' Program specifies cooperative enterprise and employee ownership in the stocks of corporations. In recent years, a gratifying growth has occurred in cooperative merchandising and in various forms of agricultural cooperation. As regards worker ownership in the stock of corporations, two observations are in order: 1. rarely, if ever, does this imply control of the corporation or its policies; 2. the total of worker shares, however impressive it may appear in absolute figures, is insignificant relatively.

Almost 53 years ago, Pope Leo XIII in his great encyclical *Rerum Novarum* proclaimed that it was the duty of the state to "multiply property owners." Our beloved America no longer pursues this policy on a scale sufficient to restrain the movement toward concentration. Ownership has become less rather than more widely distributed. Those forms of ownership which include control are much less prevalent than they were half a century ago. This is particularly true of agriculture. For more than 60 years, farm tenancy has been steadily and rapidly increasing, at the expense of farm ownership. Between 1880 and 1940, the number of

tenant farmers increased by more than 40,000 every year. In 1940 the proportion of farm operators who remained tenants exceeded 50% in eight states, 70% in five states, and 65% in two.

The U. S. Farm Security Administration has, indeed, made valiant efforts to check this deplorable trend, by federal loans to tenants who desired to become owners; but the appropriations for this purpose have been pitifully small. During the first four years of the program's operation (1937-41) the average number of tenants assisted annually was 6,790. This was only 17% of the yearly average of newly emerged tenants; every tenant who was started off on the road to ownership was offset by six new ones. The number of applications for loans has been 25 times the number of loans that could be made with the available funds. Yet even this beneficent agency for converting tenants into owners is threatened with extinction in the house of those who ought to be its friends. For the most influential of the great farm organizations seem determined to bring about the repeal of the Farm Security Act, or at least, the crippling of the FSA. They seek to withhold even a meager measure of federal help for needy and ambitious tenants and to accelerate the long prevailing decline in farm ownership. They desire a reserve of cheap farm labor. They exhibit the mental outlook of feudal barons, or at least, of callous landlords. This is rural paternalism under its least attractive aspect. It is an attitude which is directly contrary to the command of Pope Leo XIII, who said: "The law

should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many people as possible to become owners." "No," say the well-to-do leaders of those farm organizations; "the policy of the law should be to withhold even the pitifully small assistance now being given by the FSA."

The proposals of the Bishops' Program for lifting labor to a higher status than that of mere wage earners were implicitly ratified by Pope Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno*: "In the present state of human society, We deem it advisable that the wage contract should, when possible, be modified somewhat

by a contract of partnership, as is already being tried in various ways to the no small advantage both of the wage earners and of the employers. In this way, wage earners are made sharers in some sort in the ownership, or the management, or the profits."

One or more of these three reforms would be an initial step toward the inauguration of the occupational group system, as essential to a reconstruction of the social order. It is clearer now than it has been at any time since 1931 that this papal system is the only practical preventive of some slavish form of collectivism.



Once there was a man who was a Christ hater. He began by refusing to have a cross in his home, and around his wife's neck. As time went on he grew more bitter and he destroyed all crosses by the roadside. Finally in the height of his frenzy he climbed the steeple of his parish church and tore down the cross. Then one summer evening as he was walking along the lane that led to his home, the chirpings of a bird caught his ear. He looked up just as the bird was flying away from its perch and saw that the little creature was made in the form of a cross. Hatred came into his heart. The branch on which the bird had rested was made in the form of a cross. He looked at the tree and at all the trees and saw that they were made of crosses. He looked ahead and saw a crossroad. Millions of crosses appeared before him as he went along, and he tore up everything, for everything is made of crosses. When he reached home he was a madman. When he washed his hands he noticed that the tissues of his flesh were made of crosses. He looked into the mirror and saw his body made in the form of a cross. He sat on a chair and arose immediately, for he saw crossbars. He looked at the table, the stove, the furniture and saw millions of crosses. In despair he ran out and looked at his house and saw billions of crosses. He broke his furniture because it was made of crosses; he burnt his house because it was made of crosses. They found him in the river.

Such is the parable of those who hate the cross. They begin by breaking up the cross and they end by breaking up the world, for the world is a wall of crosses.

R. F. Venti in a radio address. Radio League of St. Michael, Toronto. (2 April '44).

Our Lady in the Americas

By ANN HARRINGTON

Links in the Rosary

Condensed from the *Catholic Educational Review**

The ship in which Christopher Columbus sailed in search of a new world bore the name *Saint Mary of the Conception*. During his voyage the *Salve Regina* was sung nightly by those on board. Columbus named the island on which he first landed San Salvador, in honor of our Lady's divine Son. The second island he called Conception, to honor the blessed Mother. Thus, devotion to our Lady came to us with those who first touched American shores.

When Balboa set out in 1513 to discover a new ocean, he placed at the head of his band a banner bearing the image of our blessed Mother. And when the intrepid explorers reached the coast, one of their first acts was to sing a hymn of thanksgiving to Mary, Star of the Sea. When Balboa took solemn possession of the Pacific he held in one hand a standard of our Lady.

Cortez, after taking the city of Tlaxcala, gave to it the name of Our Lady of Victory. During his stay in Mexico, he converted the heathen temples into Christian churches, destroyed the idols and replaced them with the crucifix and the image of Mary.

So well begun with the earliest history of the Americas, the devotion to our blessed Mother has both continued and grown. The Holy See has placed the U. S. under the patronage of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, and the

national shrine to her under that title is at Washington, D. C. The Central and South American countries are under the patronage of Our Lady of Guadalupe. In addition, certain of the Latin American countries are under the further patronage of our Lady under various titles. The feast of the Immaculate Conception (Dec. 8) and that of the Assumption (Aug. 15) are national holidays as well as holydays in most of the Central and South American republics.

In the U. S., of course, there is well demonstrated devotion to the blessed Virgin. Over 1,000 churches are named in her honor, bearing familiar titles. Novenas of intercession to her are established practice throughout our land. Confraternities and sodalities in honor and under the guidance of the blessed Virgin are part of parish life. Religious Orders and congregations in the U. S. dedicated to our Lady are numerous.

Central and South Americans say the same prayers we do. Feast days of our Lady are, on the whole, celebrated in the Latin-American countries more elaborately than in ours. The blessed Virgin is known in the Central and South American countries by many of the titles used for her in the U. S., and in addition she has many others peculiar to the respective countries.

There is a beautiful custom in Cen-

*1326 Quincy St., N. E., Washington, 17, D. C. June, 1943.

tral and South America not common to us, the crowning of certain statues of our Lady as their Queen. Of course, during May, the traditional procession in the Catholic churches of our country carries with it the crowning of the statue of our Lady. In the Latin-American countries, however, the ordinary of certain dioceses has authorized the official crowning of statues of the blessed Virgin. In ten of the Latin-American countries certain statues have been officially crowned on 38 occasions in the last half century. Such crownings are accompanied by elaborate ceremonies, participated in by the people and the clergy, and the statues, wearing gold and jeweled crowns, are thereafter inscribed in the pages of church records as "crowned statues." Some of them represent the special patroness of the country, such as Our Lady of Lujan in Argentina and Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico. Others carry titles which designate the name of the town or city in which the statue is located: Our Lady of Copacabana in Bolivia; Our Lady of Chiquinquirá in Colombia; Our Lady of Andacollo in Chile.

Mexican devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe is widely known, but the blessed Mother is venerated in Mexico under some 20 titles. Among popular shrines in her honor are those of Our Lady of the Remedies at Montezuma and Our Lady of the Lagos.

Our Lady of Lujan is generally regarded as the Argentinian Lady of Lourdes. On her feast day, May 21, pilgrims from everywhere in Argentina visit the famous 17th century ba-

silica. In Catamarca, from April 28 to May 4, pilgrimages are made to the shrine of Our Lady of the Valley. Other unusual titles by which the blessed Mother is known in Argentina are Our Lady of Itati, Our Lady of the Miracles, and Our Lady of the White River. Argentina boasts of ten crowned statues.

Bolivia is under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception. She has two famous shrines, that of the crowned statue of Our Lady of Copacabana and Our Lady of the Caverns.

Our Lady of Glory is the title of a well-known church in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Another church in Rio, built originally in 1635 and rebuilt in 1775, is dedicated to Our Lady of Candelaria. In all there are five widely venerated statues in Brazil: Our Lady of the Apparition, Our Lady of Mount Carmel (both of which are crowned), Our Lady of Nazareth, Our Lady of Candeias Baia, and Our Lady of Candelaria. The devotion of the novena to Our Lady of Tears was begun by a Brazilian nun, Sister Amalia.

Our Lady of Sorrows, Our Lady of Perpetual Aid, the Virgin of Lourdes, Our Lady of the Snows and Sweet Name of Mary are among titles given to the blessed Virgin in Chile. Our Lady of Carmen, Our Lady of Mercy, and Our Lady of Andacollo have been officially crowned.

December is dedicated by Chilean Catholics as the month of Mary, for in Chile December is in the spring. At six o'clock in the evening during December, church bells are rung throughout

the whole country. In every church a special altar is erected. An old custom is the bringing of bouquets, which are deposited at the foot of the altar when prayers are over.

On December 8th, devout pilgrimages are made to Mary shrines in Chile. In Santiago, on the summit of Mt. San Cristobal, is a large image of the blessed Virgin which is impressively illuminated every evening. Our Lady of Carmen has been selected as patroness of the Chilean Army. Preceding her feast day, July 16, a novena is made to her, ending in the Great Procession of Carmen. The streets through which the procession passes are previously decorated with banners, and on the balcony of each house small altars, bearing our Lady's statue, are placed. Santiago also contains a "sanctuary" in honor of the Virgin of Lourdes, which is acquiring great importance.

The city of Bogotá, Colombia, contains a popular shrine in honor of the blessed Virgin. Our Lady of Chiquinquira is her well-loved title there, along with that as the patroness of the country, the Immaculate Conception.

The special patroness of Costa Rica is Our Lady of the Angels. One of the most famous churches in all of Central America is the basilica bearing that name at Cartago. Our Lady of Charity claims the devotion of the Cubans.

Quito, Ecuador, has two crowned statues: those of Our Lady of Mercy and Our Lady of Quinche. The shrines of Our Lady of the Clouds in Quito, Our Lady of the Swans, and Our Lady of the Morning Dew carry with them

the devotion of the people as well as unusual names. The patroness of Ecuador is *La Dolorosa del Colegio* (Our Lady of Grief of the College). Guatemala gives its devotion to the blessed Mother under the title Our Lady of Mercy. One of the countries most recently placed under the special patronage of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception is Haiti. A mile and a half outside Asuncion, Paraguay, stands a church honoring Our Lady of Caacupe.

Though the patroness of Peru is St. Rose of Lima, the Mother of our Lord is not neglected. Devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary and Our Lady of Mercy is widespread, and the statues bearing these titles have been crowned.

Puerto Rico has a special devotion to the Virgin of Montserrat. On Sept. 8, the maimed, the halt, and the blind of Puerto Rico make a pilgrimage to the village of Hormigueros. There is legend back of this Puerto Rican equivalent of Mexico's Guadalupe. Some 300 years ago a peon was plowing his field, when he saw a bull charging him. The peon fell on his knees and invoked the aid of the Virgin of Montserrat. The bull was frozen in his tracks. When the peon told the story the people decided that a church dedicated to the Virgin should be built on the hill overlooking the spot.

The Dominican Republic honors our heavenly Mother with the title of Our Lady of High Grace and has crowned her statue of that name. El Salvador has a noted Church of the Assumption, located at Izalco, where honor is paid to Our Lady of Peace.

In Uruguay our blessed Mother has, to us, one of her strangest titles: Our Lady of the Thirty-three. This name honors both her and the 33 heroes who won the country back from its early invaders, thus securing its independence. Our Lady of the Holy Spirit is one of the lovely titles given to the

blessed Virgin in Venezuela. Devotion is also given there to Our Lady of Help and Our Lady of Coromoto.

Thus, in and around the Americas, we Catholics have the bond of reverence for the blessed Virgin. It is a true link between the citizens of the 21 American republics.



Heraldry

Sign language

By JOHN J. McDONOUGH

Condensed from the *Pittsburgh Catholic**

Armorial bearings, personal and corporate, are in constant use as decorative devices, to indicate ownership, and to personalize stationery and official documents. Ecclesiastical coats of arms of the Pope, of bishops and dioceses, and secular armorial bearings of the U.S., the states, and cities, are familiar heraldic designs.

Heraldry, defined as the art and science of recording genealogies, blazoning arms, or armorial ensigns, and devising such, has been in use since the Middle Ages. It first came into special use in direct connection with military equipment, knightly exercises, and the mêlée of actual battle, to aid in distinguishing friend from foe. Men wore ensigns embroidered upon the coats that covered their armor, from whence is derived *coat of arms*. These same ensigns were painted on their shields, and

called shields of arms. On all armorial banners and pennons, the same insignia were displayed from the shafts of lances.

At first, then, simply useful to distinguish individuals, especially in battle and tournament, heraldry soon became popular with all classes and later developed into a science with a grammar and terminology all its own. The Crusades, those extraordinary confederacies without a parallel in history, gave a powerful impulse to heraldry. Because there was a common meeting ground of the Christian nations at and during the Crusades the fundamental principles of the science of heraldry are and have always been cosmopolitan. Outside of monastic schools few knew the art of letters but all could read heraldic sign writing.

There is no great distinction between

*Box 598, Pittsburgh, Pa. March 16, 1944.

secular and ecclesiastical heraldry. Both stem from the same sources. Both use the same grammar. Heraldry is not a liturgical art, although it is used as an aid to the liturgy in its painting, embroidering, carving, and metal work. Church law regulates its use and application among her prelates, especially with regard to the external ornaments of the shield.

Heraldry itself demands correct use of all the rules that govern it. In America, wrote the late Pierre de Chaignon la Rose, the essential nature of heraldry and its underlying purpose are generally misunderstood, and as a consequence, too often misused. When used correctly, however, no better means has been devised for ornamentation or to tell a story in symbol and color.

The objects or *charges* that make up a coat of arms are placed in color on a background having the form of a shield. All these charges are governed in shape and size by the traditions of heraldry. The shield with its colored figures is the *coat of arms*. All the external ornaments, called the *heraldic achievement*, are so many additions meant to indicate rank. The shield can be presented without them, although rules also govern the composition, coloring, and differentiation of these external ornaments. (The right of the shield is always to the onlooker's left.)

Heraldry has a vocabulary, the explanation of which may be found in a manual of heraldry or an encyclopedia. There are seven colors, or *tinctures*, used on the shield and the design upon it. Two are metals, gold (or), and sil-

ver (argent). Five are the colors blue (azure), red (gules), green (vert), black (sable), and purple (purpure).

When a coat of arms is shown in black and white, or on stone, metal or wood, there is a conventional method of representing the colors by means of dots and lines, invented by an Italian (1630), and named after him *Petro-sancta* markings. Gold is indicated by dots; silver is plain, without any markings; blue is represented by horizontal lines; red by perpendicular lines; green by diagonal lines from the top right of the shield to the lower left; purple by diagonal lines from the top left to the lower right; black by horizontal and perpendicular lines crossing each other. Several furs are also used as tinctures, the most generally used being ermine and vair, which are represented in a conventional form.

A color should never be used upon a color, or a metal upon a metal, except for small accessories like the tongues of lions or the talons of birds. The simplest arms are best from the point of view of heraldry and artistic results. Ancient examples are nearly always simple in composition.

The *motto* found at the base of the shield was introduced into secular heraldry in the 16th century. Its use in ecclesiastical heraldry began early in the 19th century. In Rome, where good traditions are preserved in all that pertains to heraldry, the motto is never found in the armorial bearings of prelates. If a motto is used it is placed on a scroll beneath the shield. In ecclesiastical heraldry it is generally in Latin.

A crest is not the same as a coat of arms or shield. It is a device, signifying high honor, originally worn upon a helmet and now generally represented above a shield of arms. A crest is never used with a miter or ecclesiastical hat. Indeed, no ecclesiastic has any right to a crest.

A coat of arms, secular or ecclesiastical, is not and needs not be symbolical, nor must it have a meaning. It is but a distinct personal mark or sign. *Arma sunt cognoscendi causa*, wrote the medieval jurist Bartholus de Saxoferrato. Its invention was solely for identification, and so it remains today.

No matter what promotion a prelate may receive, his personal arms remain the same. A prelate's rank is indicated outside the shield in the external ornament, consisting of the ecclesiastical hat, the cross, the crosier, and the miter. A cardinal has above his coat of arms the conventional hat with intertwined scarlet braid ending in fifteen tassels on each side of the shield in five rows, with one at the top and five at the bottom. If the cardinal is a bishop it is the custom to place behind the shield a processional cross, to the right of which is placed a miter and to the left a crosier.

The ornaments of an archbishop's arms are the same generally as a cardinal's; but the hat and tassels are green with ten tassels. A bishop has behind his shield an ordinary processional cross with one cross bar. The hat is green with six green tassels on each side of the shield.

Why should prelates use armorial

bearings? Prelates rank with the rulers of this world. Armorial bearings have always been an indication of nobility. Prelates, even though from among the people, have always been regarded as the equal of nobility in the ecclesiastical order. The offices of the prelates of the Roman court were in bygone days reserved for persons of noble birth. Hence it is that Roman tradition requires prelates who have no hereditary rights of armorial bearings to have prepared for themselves an escutcheon as a symbol of high dignity and prelatical functions. All prelates, therefore, appear equal whether of noble or of humble origin.

Corporate armorial bearings date almost from the beginning of heraldry's history. The arms of the ancient guilds and city corporations make an interesting study. Modern cities, for the most part, follow the ancient usage in this matter, although often their arms are not of strict heraldic design.

A residential archbishop or bishop impales his own arms with those of his diocese, giving the right side of the shield to the diocese. *Impaled* means that the shield is divided vertically, each half being called an *impalement* and holding a complete, independent coat of arms. Thus the official arms of an Ordinary really contain two coats united side by side in the same shield. The custom of impaling the arms of a corporation is ancient.

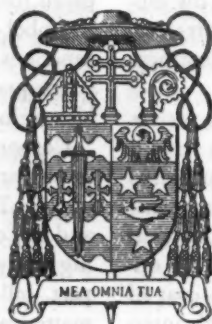
A seal, secular or ecclesiastical, is never a coat of arms, even though the arms may, and often do, constitute its chief central ornament. A seal is used

for the purpose of stamping documents, along with a proper signature to guarantee authenticity. It is never used as a decoration. The only place it should be seen is on such documents.

It is not good practice, therefore, from the standpoint of heraldry, to use the seal of a chancery, college, or uni-

versity to ornament stone or wood, or to place it on a banner or pennant (as is often seen at football games). When such ornament is in order, the coat of arms alone is used. But armorial bearings, personal or corporate, are to be employed with discretion, under the rules governing them.

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The coat of arms of His Excellency, John Gregory Murray, Archbishop of St. Paul. The dexter side of the shield bears the archdiocesan coat of arms, the "Sword of the Spirit" cleaving the waters of the Mississippi; two impaled crosses, the hilt of the sword making a third, representing the Blessed Trinity. The heraldic mitre surmounts the archdiocesan seal.

The eagle rampant, symbol of St. John the Evangelist, surmounts the

central portion of the personal or sinister side of the shield where a dove in profile symbolizes St. Gregory, and three stars in a field of blue are the heraldic mark of the family of which His Excellency is a member. Rising behind and surmounting the sinister side is the crozier. Rising behind the shield's central line is the primatial cross, above which is the ecclesiastical hat with its cords and pendent tassels. The motto is *Mea Omnia Tua*, All Mine is Thine.

Patron Saints for People at War

By JUDITH ANNE PAIGE

Stars for navigators

Condensed from *Good Housekeeping**

If he is AN ARTILLERY MAN. St. Barbara is the patron saint of armorers and gunsmiths. A Christian martyr of the 3rd century, she was betrayed by her pagan father, condemned to solitary confinement and eventually to death. Her own father was her executioner, and at the instant of her expiration, according to one account, a bolt of lightning descended from heaven and killed him. The flaming bolt out of the blue has caused bearers of firearms to look on her as their patron.

AIR FORCES. Air men have two patron saints to choose from. St. Christopher, the ferryman who once bore a child on his shoulders across a turbulent stream, only to learn that he had carried Christ, has long been the special saint of all travelers. He has been a favorite with the air forces of the United Nations. St. Joseph of Cupertino, a 17th-century Franciscan friar, who was given to such mystical transports that he often remained suspended several feet above the ground for hours at a time, is naturally a favorite of pilots.

THE ARMY. St. George, patron saint of soldiers, rose to high military rank under Diocletian; but because of his Catholic beliefs he was arrested, tortured, and beheaded. He intervened on behalf of the Crusaders at Antioch, and

when the English were laying unsuccessful siege to Jerusalem, he appeared in white armor blazoned with a crimson cross and led them to victory. Since the days of Edward III he has been the patron saint of England. St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, also is an army patron. He served most of his youth in the army, where he distinguished himself for his courage, and for his justice not only toward his comrades in arms but also toward prisoners of war.

WIRELESS OPERATOR. St. Joan of Arc, whose heroic devotion to her country is known to every schoolchild, is the patron saint of radio men because of her early life. As a youthful shepherdess in Domremy, she heard voices directing her to abandon her simple life and go to the aid of France. She continued to be guided by the voices until she had led France back to freedom. Radio operators think that she is apropos for them.

SAILOR. Seamen have a wide choice of patrons. One of the most interesting is Cuthbert, a 7th-century Northumbrian ecclesiastic credited with many miracles. Long after his death an illuminated and costly copy of the New Testament was placed at his shrine. Later, when the Danes invaded, the monks fled across the Irish Channel, carrying the Testament with them. In

*Reprinted by permission of Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, 19.
April, 1944.

the confusion of their flight the manuscript fell into the water. The monks landed in Ireland without hope of ever retrieving the sacred relic; but three days later it turned up on the beach at Whitern, uninjured by its briny bath. The monks felt that St. Cuthbert had brought it back to them, and they in gratitude founded their new monastery near the spot where the miracle had occurred.

St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra (better known to us as Santa Claus) is the patron of children and scholars, and is alleged to watch over sailors. During his lifetime, several of his parishioners were caught in a heavy storm at sea. Nicholas appeared to them, standing on the water and beckoning them on. They were saved. Sailors still speak of the star of St. Nicholas, and on the Aegean sea, instead of saying, "Good luck!" sailors say, "May St. Nicholas hold the tiller."

WOUNDED OR IN PRISON. St. Roch, a gallant Frenchman, is the patron of wounded men and military prisoners. He was born in Montpellier about 1295. When he was 20 his parents died and he gave all he owned to the poor. Later he was in Italy on a pilgrimage, while a plague was raging, and he devoted himself to the sick in public hospitals and effected many miraculous cures. After he returned to Montpellier, he was arrested as a spy and imprisoned. Before he died he obtained a favor from God: that anyone suffering from plague who invoked him would be healed. St. Roch is said to have appeared after his death to innocent men in

prisons and to have liberated them.

DEFENSE WORKERS. St. Dunstan, a 10th-century Anglo-Saxon Archbishop, who encouraged handicraft and made bells and organs, is the patron of metal-working guilds in England. St. Dunstan's bells were loved as the sweetest-toned bells in the country. Dunstan, who spent much of his time advising kings, still found opportunity to teach metal crafts to humble workers. All defense workers can look on Dunstan as their guardian.

CIVILIAN DEFENSE. St. Florian is the patron of air-raid wardens. Florian was a high-ranking officer in the Roman army. While on a military mission he found a fire raging in an Italian mountain village. Praying for help, Florian drew a pitcher of water from a well and walked down the street flinging a few drops to either side. The fire went out, and through all Italy Florian was hailed as a miracle worker. His protection against the ravages of fire often is sought.

WOMEN IN THE ARMED SERVICES. St. Genevieve, French peasant girl through whose exhortations Paris was spared the scourge of Attila the Hun, has been officially chosen patroness of the women in the Armed Forces. She often traveled on works of mercy, became adviser to King Clovis, and performed many miracles both in life and after her death. Although St. Genevieve is the official patroness of women in uniform, some have chosen St. Catherine of Alexandria as their saint. A noblewoman, Catherine became Christian by divine inspiration and thereafter converted

many people, including the emperor's wife and one of his generals. Eventually the emperor threw her into prison and, having failed to break her on the wheel, ordered her beheaded. Angels conveyed her body to Mount Sinai,

where a convent was founded in commemoration. St. Catherine's exemplary character and her devotion to what she determined was her duty make her a model for WACs, WAVES, SPARs, and women Marines.



Flower and Fury

Fittingly enough they have named a rose for Sister Thérèse, who promised to let down a shower of roses. It is a frail plant with a long pointed bud bursting into, not white, but yellow bloom.

During an August night last summer, the wind shook the trees with terrier teeth. Lightning blades split the sky, while rain flung itself in twisting sheets, racing the wind to the North. With sullen purpose the gust tore off giant limbs, raged along the hedgerows, and in madcap haste made off across the prairies.

That afternoon our Sister Thérèse rose looked beautiful under the warm rays of the crimson sun. Its lone bud was unfolding. As the storm raged that night, and the crowns of trees swung back and forth like moored balloons, we felt that there would be only broken flowers to show the savagery of the storm.

In the morning light the earth was littered in the storm's path. Broken blossoms, twigs and brown buds carpeted the ground and were packed in the pockets of tiny gullies. Water currents had strained the grass, leaving it filled with the debris that came in the darkness. The full-blown roses were stripped and the petals lay like dead butterflies, staining the ground with color. Only one blossom had survived the lashing winds. It was the lone Sister Thérèse. It had come to full perfection during the storm, unfolding into greater beauty under the sky bowl of fire and fury.

From *Fore and Aft* by Joseph J. Quinn in the *Southwest Courier* (11 March '44).

Father and Son

By MAJ. JOHN HOWARD SCHMELZER, AGD Memory of mute speeches

He is your son, and today the full impact of that realization strikes you; for today he leaves for the service of his country.

It is 7 A.M. He is to take the 7:45 bus. The stillness of the morning has intensified the empty feeling in the pit of your stomach which you recognize as loneliness and anxiety. You remember that you had that same sensation 12 years ago when he stood on the same spot; he was about to toddle off for his first day at school. Then you are reminded of a summer day; it was his first vacation from high school, when he left with classmates to work on a farm. It is strange how you are reminded of situations which you had not thought of for years and which surprise you not only by their very recurrence but by their vividness.

Consider him as he stands there: closely cropped head erect, your baby who now towers above you. He has been told not to wear his best clothes, so today he is clad in his old saddle shoes, corduroy trousers, T shirt and that old crimson high-school sweater with the large "C" of which he is so proud.

Consider his emotions. In the past year he has followed the events of the war; he has surprised you with his understanding of world events. During his senior year in high school he was administered the various Army and Navy pre-induction examinations, which he passed with excellent grades. However,

after long periods of deliberation, sleepless nights, and dreamy days, he has chosen to forego the further education offered by both services and take his chances on Officer Candidates' School.

His emotions, though camouflaged with an unnatural air of frivolity, are deep and mixed. He must not be unmanly, so he holds back the tears. He consoles himself with the thought that he is only one of 10 million who faced the identical ordeal and adventure. He compares himself with his pal, Jim, who left a week ago, knowing that all through their association together he had always been the stronger of the two. He keeps thinking, "If Jim could take it, I can." He wonders if mother will cry when he boards the bus to the reception center, which is only 100 miles away. Eager, anxious, and afraid, he nervously putters about the hall.

Mother is plucking at her gloves, and keeping up a continuous, inconsequential patter, injecting admonitions to "be careful not to take cold" and "keep your feet dry." You, dad, who have long dreaded this day, ask mother if she has locked the back door and if she thinks it advisable to walk the few blocks down to the bus station—what with gasoline rationing and the beautiful morning.

On the stroll to the bus station, the conversation is strained. You wish you had had more time for comradeship with your boy, now a man. You wish you could have taken him seriously in-

to your confidence, to prepare him psychologically for his transition from civilian to soldier; but you have always been too busy earning a living for your family to really get to know him. You might have helped him a great deal, for were you not a draftee back in 1917?

The station is teeming. Other inductees awaiting transportation to the reception center stand in the midst of groups of friends and relatives. Anticipation pervades the air; the undertoned conversation runs mostly in monosyllables. Young mothers with babes in arms, probably off to visit soldier husbands, tussle with their luggage. Older men and women are on their way to visit wounded sons back from all theaters of war. You are relieved that the bus will arrive on time; the suspense is unnerving you.

Finally the bus for the reception center arrives. There is a surge toward the gate, as conversations are interrupted, kit bags gathered up, hurried kisses and parting handshakes exchanged. Forced smiles drive back tears. Hurried words of advice and caution are given. Mother brushes away a tear as she kisses her boy good-by, you clasp his hand and at the same time swallow a lump in your throat. That hollow sensation in your stomach returns. Then he is gone.

As you leave the bus station, you consciously hear for the first time the band which has been playing on the loading platform; and the martial music causes you to quicken your step. It stops abruptly, you fall into your usual gait, and realize that he is actual-

ly gone. You are mildly startled by a passing friend's salutation. Mother suggests that she might walk part way to your office with you. There, you stop momentarily and with an attempt at cheerfulness say good-by to mother and admonish her to "take it easy."

Why will it always be thus? Your father's demeanor on the momentous day of your departure was the same, with few variations. Undoubtedly his thoughts at that time were the same as yours were this morning. Someone has said women were created to grieve. What about fathers? We have our sons with us for such a short time. When they are babies, we coddle them on our knee and tell them stories; but as we both grow older, the gulf between us widens. By the time the man child is about to take his own place in the world, we realize uneasily that the gulf has become an abyss, which, try though we may, we cannot bridge. Oh, yes, we take them hunting, fishing, and to the baseball games with us, but for just a few hours—not sufficient time to complete an understanding which we, and they, too, so heartily desire. The time spent together seems to be governed by some unearthly influence which makes our conversations commonplace. Neither seems to be able to pierce the envelope of genuine understanding. You, considering his youth, are unable to inform him of the more serious facts of life; and he, awed by your experience and age, is hesitant to question you on youthful matters which are bothering him. Now that he is gone, the feeling that you may have been a failure as a

father returns and overwhelms you.

But you remember that he still needs you. You take heart. You decide to write. You will bolster his morale. You will tell him the things you were unable or forgot to tell him when he was with you. So doing, you can perhaps

fill some of the emptiness of the past. You aren't kidding yourself. You know your son, but now you will make him know you, and when he returns, it will be to grasp the hand of the inarticulate fellow he now realizes always was his best friend on earth, his dad.



Fore and Aft

It's none of our business, but after a woman becomes a good card player, then what?

Mussolini was taken bodily to Germany. That's carrying a joke too far.

The lowest brows are often hidden under the highest hats.

Lots of people who sit up front and watch the speedometer needle, sit in back in church and study the hands of their watch.

Lots of Hollywood folk run around, not in circles but in triangles.

The Republicans think that they can accommodate Mrs. Roosevelt's love for a change of scenery.

Only a clock's hands can run around all night with no bad results.

Joseph J. Quinn in the *Southwest Courier*.



Word Weary

This is a story about a tired businessman, in fact, lots of tired businessmen, and one tired typist. The speaker at a convention was tearing along in great shape. "The American businessman is tired," perorated he. "He has worked long and diligently in the war effort and in the difficult times which preceded it, and he is weary. He is physically tired and is weary. He is physically tired and mentally tired. But he isn't nearly as tired as the girl who has to type all this eyewash!" That last sentence was what brought the audience out of its sleep yelling. And the moral is: when you read your speech, be careful.

Midland Cooperator (22 March '44).

Callaghan and Callahan in Butte

By the Montana WPA Writers' Project

The padre and the bum

Condensed from a book*

Butte is unpredictable. Yesterday, today and probably tomorrow she is a city of paradox, virtuous yet wanton, vindictive and forgiving, hard-headed or charitable, kind, cruel, religious, agnostic, sordid, exalted, gay and tragic. Butte is magnificent when viewed by night from the Continental Divide. She has been likened to a diamond set in jet, but by day she is an uncorseted wench, dissipated from the night before. "Perch of the devil," she has been called by some, and "merciful mother of the mountains," by others.

Butte boasts of suburbs called Nan-ny Goat Hill, Hungry Hill, Seldom Seen, Dogtown, Chicken Flats and Butchertown. The society pages of the daily papers often feature side by side the likenesses of a West Side society matron and of a promised bride whose address might be the kitchen of a Finnish boarding house on the "wrong" side of town.

An old-timer, commenting on Butte's numerous saloons, remarked, "Sure, she's a town where they never allowed the dust to settle." Once a miner bequeathed his \$2,000 insurance policy to a N. Main St. taproom specifying that after funeral expenses were paid, the remainder was to go into a fund to buy "eye openers" for his cronies.

Once a year in past days Tolerance Day was held, with Butte's Protestant

clergymen, Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis speaking from the same platform. During Lent, theaters report a 50% decrease in business. In earlier days a Jewish rabbi killed his congregation's Sabbath chickens on the sidewalk in front of his S. Main St. store before the gaping eyes of the public, and a Jesuit missionary stated from the pulpit, "There are more saints in Butte than in the city of Rome."

Department stores and newsstands have special departments for sale of rosaries, prayer books and assorted religious articles. The leading dry-goods store in the city gives its employees the day off with pay on Yom Kippur, and every business establishment in the city is closed down for three hours on Good Friday. But Billy Sunday, the evangelist, once remarked, "The bottles consumed in Butte on a week end, when empty, would build a stairway from the top of its highest peak to the utmost depths of hell."

The two largest funerals on record are those of Father Callaghan, a kindly priest, and of Frank Little, the I. W. W. labor leader. Victim of a vigilante rope, Little's body was carried to its last resting place, a distance of some five miles, on the shoulders of husky comrades. At midnight Mass on Christmas eve, the congregation for years has extended from the crowded church out onto

*Copper Camp. 1943. *Hastings House, New York City.* 308 pp. \$2.75.

the steps and sidewalks, kneeling in falling snow.

Where but in Butte would one hear of an Irish miner crawling into a dangerous mine cave-in to rescue his Afghan partner, a Mohammedan; and, on seeing that the non-Christian was pinned down by a large rock and dying, proceed to baptize him in the Christian faith, using copper water from a nearby ditch?

Here the name Sullivan even today leads all the rest in the city directory. Once the Irish miners celebrated on St. George's day, and their Cornish friends, the Cousin Jacks, whooped it up on St. Patrick's day. For many years St. Patrick's day was celebrated twice, on March 17, and again on Easter Monday. But an orange necktie on that sacred day still represents the near-equivalent of a death warrant for the wearer.

And where but in Butte could this have happened? While the Rev. Bulgin, self-styled "sin buster," led his two-week attack on wickedness in a huge tented tabernacle, an enterprising saloonkeeper in the vicinity ordered huge banners painted, to be flaunted in the faces of the departing worshipers. They urged: "Remember—after the services, at Dublin Dan's a big cold scoop of beer for a nickel. Additional bartenders during revival week." There has always been a certain amount of drinking in Butte. The old Atlantic Bar, which termed itself the longest bar in the world, was a full block in length with as many as 15 bartenders serving the customers. It is claimed

that 12,000 glasses of beer were sold there on a Saturday night.

The nucleus of a family fortune estimated at over \$1 million was obtained from salvaging the camp's empty bottles. Yet in this same camp a popular saloon once advertised it would refuse to sell a miner a drink if his children were in need of shoes. And in the late 90's a convivial band of barflies gathered at a local bar on Christmas eve, to organize the Josher's Club, an organization which continued for a quarter of a century to provide every needy family in the city with a Christmas dinner and toys for the children.

The camp is charitable and generous: campaigns for any worthy cause are always oversubscribed. It has always been a mecca for beggars. Several legless, blind, or maimed are always present begging in the shopping district. The shaky alcoholic in search of his "mornin's mornin'" is rarely turned down. The average resident assumes unmistakably the attitude, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." And most of her people realize from experience that there are few ailments more miserable than a hangover.

There were two men in the camp at the turn of the century, with names pronounced the same, although spelled differently. Both were men of note in a city of notables. Father J. J. Callaghan was a kindly priest who won the hearts of high and low in the town by his charitable acts and his observance of the Golden Rule. The other was an irresponsible but nevertheless lovable character who brought many a smile

to the old town. He was never known by any name but Callahan the Bum.

Father Callaghan was a true man of God. He lived with and for the poorer people of the mining city and erected his Sacred Heart church among the hovels and shabby dwellings of the East Side. He knew practically every boy and girl in Butte by their first and last names. He was a friend of the homeless, the sinner, the drifter and derelict, and although an advocate of total abstinence from liquor, he was never known to turn down a shaky alcoholic for the price of an eye opener. If he did not have the money himself, he would take the mendicant into a near-by saloon and order the bartender to charge the liquor to him.

The mining city loved the frail, pale-faced priest. Rich and poor of all creeds doffed their hats to him. He organized one of the first parochial schools in the city, and gave up his living room, dining room, and bedroom for classrooms. He found hundreds of jobs for the unemployed during "shut-down" times. Truckloads of groceries and fuel were delivered to impoverished families through his efforts. To the copper camp, Father Callaghan was no less than a saint.

Callahan the Bum was in his prime in the late 90's and the early years of the present century. When not in one of the two jails, his booming voice could be heard in one or another of the cheaper saloons which dotted the business district. No ordinary bum was Callahan. He had an education, and a good one. He could quote Shakespeare

or go through portions of the Mass with equal ease. Rumor had it that he had once studied to be a priest. But as someone said, "the curse of the hard liquor" was on him. He drifted, day by day, from saloon to saloon begging for drinks until he accumulated a load too great for even Callahan to carry. It was usually then that some flinty-hearted bartender would call up the wagon, and Callahan would be again carted off to jail. Possessed of rare wit, Callahan made colorful copy for newswriters. The files show there was rarely a week when his name was not to be found in the daily press.

It was in the summer of 1901. The weather was hot, and unaccountably Callahan had a \$5 note and was "buying for the house" at Jerry Mullin's place on N. Main St. Callahan, when in the money, was generous, and at the moment was acting the perfect host, instructing Jerry to fill them up again, "and see what the boys in the card-room will have." At this instant a salesman came through the swinging doors. Callahan, as befitted the host, stood at the front end of the bar, and received the full impact of one of the doors.

The stranger apologized. "I beg your pardon, sir," he pleaded, "I was in a rush and didn't see you standing in front of the door."

Callahan, however, was not to be so easily appeased. He swung from the floor, hit the salesman full on the button, knocked him to the sawdust. A frantic bartender called the police.

The following morning Police Judge Boyle summed up the charges: "There

was no excuse for your hitting the man. You admit yourself, he begged your pardon after he accidentally hit you with the door."

The prisoner drew himself up and in dramatic tones challenged: "Yes, Your Honor, admittedly, but that's one time the pardon came too late!"

So amused was Judge Boyle that he dismissed Callahan with a warning.

While never denying being a bum, Callahan had a heart as big as a watermelon. "The shirt off me back to a friend, if I had a shirt!" is the way he put it. "If I am a better bum than the average, sure it's a God-given talent, and why shouldn't I share up with those who haven't the knack of bummin' at all?"

The following story has often been told. There are good churchgoing people who will deny it, while others affirm it.

They were erecting the new Sacred Heart church, and Father Callaghan was having trouble making ends meet. The church was nearly completed and there was as yet no bell nor funds to buy one. The kindly priest had instituted a city-wide campaign for money. Times were tough and the amount needed fell short by nearly \$200.

Father Callaghan had often befriended Callahan. Indeed the Bum had at times boasted relationship to the good Father, although their names were not spelled alike. Walking through the business district one day the priest ran into Callahan.

"Only a 'bit,' Father," he pleaded, "till I get me mornin's mornin'. I'm as

weak as a cat." Callahan was always honest in his begging, and never said he wanted a bed or a meal when it was whiskey he craved.

Father Callaghan dug into his meager funds and came forth with a dime and a nickel.

"Thank you a thousand times, Father," said the beggar. "This will fix me up and I'll quit the drinkin' and get a job in the Anaconda first thing tomorrow morning. But what is it that makes ye look so mournful?" he added. "Sure your face is as long as that of an old-country leprechaun."

More to make conversation than anything else, Father Callaghan told Callahan of his predicament and the hard time he was having to raise the money for the bell.

"Is that all that's botherin' ye? A mere \$200 is it? Think no further of it, Father, I'll go out this afternoon and I'll bum that much for ye, and I'll have the money for ye tonight."

Father Callaghan smiled sadly and went on his way. In an hour he had forgotten all about the conversation.

But the Bum didn't forget. He purchased his mornin's mornin' and set to work. Into every saloon in the business district he penetrated. Recruiting every derelict he chanced upon, he explained to each Father Callaghan's plight. By noon he had nearly 100 underworld characters lined up whom he then turned loose with instructions to collect in the highways and byways of the camp, and "make damn sure you account for every penny collected."

Never anywhere had been seen such

a motley crew bent on a mission of charity. Hopheads, shaky alcoholics, bindle stiffs, the backwash of the camp—into every saloon, rooming house, gambling joint, shack and hovel, they traveled and the money began rolling in. Callahan, himself, went to the restricted districts. By 11 o'clock that evening the drive had gone over the top and considerably more than the required \$200 had been collected.

"Here's your bell, Father," he told the astonished priest. "Don't let anyone ever tell ye that Callahan the Bum forgets a friend. Say a few prayers for me and the rest of the lads when ye ring the bell Sunday mornin's—the Lord knows a prayer or two wouldn't hurt any of us a bit."

The melancholy Indian-summer days of the autumn of 1904 had arrived in Butte. They affected Callahan the Bum strangely. So strangely in fact that he attempted suicide. The business district, in front of a Syrian rug store, was the locale chosen by Callahan. An awning rope dangling on the street from the store front was the instrument decided upon for his self-destruction.

Callahan had become well saturated before attempting the journey into the unknown. He tied the end of the awning rope securely around his neck and fell as far as the rope would allow. He succeeded only in choking himself and in his inebriated condition was unable to regain his feet.

The odd part of the performance, as reported in the following day's newspapers, was that scores of passers-by saw the hanging Callahan and paid not

the slightest heed. His face was turning black, his tongue was protruding, and the despondent man was well on the way of succeeding in his venture when the Syrian shopkeeper, after the better part of an hour, came out and cut the gasping Callahan down. He later explained, "Hanging ain't such a bad death, if the rope didn't half choke a man to death before he passed out."

Little is known of the end of Callahan the Bum. He disappeared from his regular haunts sometime during 1910. There is no record of his death in the city files. There were reports that relatives had taken him to the East to try and straighten him up. But the name of Callahan the Bum is well remembered in the copper camp.

The name of Father Callaghan is not only remembered but it is venerated. Never a rugged man, his overworked, frail physique could not stand under the strain and he died at 38. The entire town mourned. Every available hack and buggy in Butte, Anaconda, and Helena was pressed into service. Five thousand persons walked in the procession to the cemetery, followed by 18 special streetcars, each carrying 60 persons. Thousands of every creed and color stood bareheaded on the streets, as the funeral passed by, many of them from Butte's underworld, unashamed of tears streaming down their faces. White-surpliced altar boys numbering 100, and the entire police force headed the procession. Eight thousand stood outside the cemetery gates while 3,000 gathered at the grave. It was Butte's homage to a man.

Religion and the WAC

By ELIZABETH MORROW McSTEAD

Neither men nor mice

Condensed from the *Catholic Life**

Four hundred Catholic members of the Women's Army Corps congregated one Sunday forenoon in front of the post chapel at the training center, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. I was a WAC, too, one of 15 newspaperwomen invited to join up for a short period so that I could live, think, eat, dress, drill, and march as a WAC. At the end of my "service" I would return to civilian life while my fellow trainees would continue to pursue the course of a war, fulfilling the purpose of the corps, "to bring about success in battle by replacing soldiers who are doing the house-keeping tasks of the Army."

Awaiting Mass, I remembered having been told that more than 25% of the trainees were Catholics. The fact that so many of the girls were practicing their faith was evidence of the spiritual devotion of those women, most of them far removed from their families and friends. After all, I had seen them attending Mass each morning, knew that Mass was also offered three evenings a week by Father George E. Labonte, so that those on early details might participate in the Sacrifice.

There are six other chaplains on the 800-acre post, with three chapels, also two additional places of worship at the station hospital. I found that 23 Christian services are conducted each Sunday, while for Jewish WACs there are

special buses to carry them to Chattanooga, Tenn., about nine miles away. Through a weekly bulletin issued by the chaplain's office, all servicewomen are encouraged to visit the chapels as frequently as possible. And the *WAC Weekly*, a post publication, includes a column, "Chaplain's Chat."

As we left the chapel, I fell in step with another WAC. She was a friendly 21-year-old member of the Motor Transport Corps who, only the day before, I had seen swing around a ton-and-a-half Army truck like a veteran. Then she was clad in coveralls; now she was distinctly feminine, fragile and dainty. Her hands were graceful, her short fingernails lacquered in a clear, colorless polish, her short hair brushed neatly off her neck.

She chatted enthusiastically about her work while we breakfasted at the Service Club. (We had missed the regulation breakfast at the mess hall in order to receive Communion.) She had joined the WACs a few months before, after her husband had been inducted into the Army. He is now in Italy.

"How do you budget your time?" I asked.

"Budget? How long have you been in?"

"Four days," I answered truthfully.

"The Army takes care of that," she replied. "Being in the Army is like liv-

*334 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, 7, Pa. Spring, 1944.

ing in another world. In another week you won't be talking like a civilian. You won't even read the newspapers. You won't have time, and you won't be interested."

For a moment I was positive that such a thing could not happen to me, but suddenly I realized that during my four days as a WAC rookie I hadn't seen a paper, and it hadn't mattered. My blistered feet had been uppermost in my mind, for long marches are hard, and my GI shoes were a far cry from the light, low-cut, 3½"-heel pumps I had discarded.

"Why did you join the WACs?" I inquired.

"To help my husband, of course, and his friends. If what I am doing will bring him back to me one hour sooner, it will be worth it," she replied quickly.

"Fall out," shouted the cadre. "On the double!"

There was no time to change a wilted blouse, once crisp, for a fresh one. Company 11 was always on time and they had "won" us newsgatherers in their last week of basic training. Secretly they were worried that we might spoil their record. At the same time, they were determined not to let us.

"Attention!" commanded the sergeant. "Right dress."

A WAC nudged me. "Turn your head to the right," she whispered, "and cover up behind the girl in front of you."

"No talking in ranks. Right face. Forward march, two, three, four. Hut, two, three, four."

We marched to the mess hall, and,

cafeteria style, acquired a substantial lunch of boiled ham, mashed potatoes, string beans, squash, mixed green salad, and custard pie.

I finished quickly and left for my barracks. There is no inspection on Sunday, so late bed-making is permissible. One of my barracks mates helped me pull the sheet tightly under the mattress and showed me the time-saving trick of tucking in the top sheet and blanket in a single operation. "I may not have time to help you in the morning," she apologized, "so I'll help you practice now." Then she flipped a GI toothbrush across the bed for me to measure the six-inch distance between the pillow and the six-inch fold. "Simple. You'll get used to it," she said.

"What did you do before you joined the WAC?" I asked.

"I worked in a mining office as a billing clerk. Two of my brothers are in the Navy, and one is a Marine, so I wanted to get in, too."

"You wish to go overseas, don't you?"

"No, I don't. Not until after the war, at least. By then I'll have had enough experience to help in postwar reconstruction work. I like people; I've had two years of college, mostly sociology, and I'm learning things here that I never could have learned at home."

Most of the WACs I talked with have the same attitude. They are eager to learn new skills, to pile up a backlog of resources for after the war. Some of them had already received their assignments to go to administration school, cooks' and bakers' school, motor trans-

port, public relations. Some were assigned to remain at Oglethorpe as cadre leaders.

Though they live in barracks without the small privacies they knew at home, the trainees seldom suffer from homesickness, for the eagle eyes of comrades are quick to sense any emotional lag. A friendly gesture or a deserved compliment, perhaps a word to the company lieutenant, who can always find "something very important" to be done, will divert any girl's mind from that "sunken" feeling of the moment.

Another thing I learned is that the trainees do not have time to be lonesome. Perhaps their commanding officers were mindful of the old phrase, "the devil finds work for idle hands," when they planned the day's routine. And many attractively furnished recreation rooms, each equipped with juke box, piano, card tables, and a "coke" machine, provide a comfortable place for get-togethers during the few off-duty hours. A dance at the Service Club on Saturday night is the event of the week. Bed check is at midnight on Saturday instead of the usual 11 P.M., but during those weeks of basic training most WACs are in bed by nine, when the lights go out. During the first three weeks of training no girl is allowed off the fort. After that she may have an afternoon or evening off, but she must be back in time for 11 o'clock bed check.

"What do you do when you go to

Chattanooga?" I questioned one of the girls.

"Walk through a department store or see a movie in the afternoon. At night, we either see another movie or go to the USO and dance."

"That should be fun," I remarked. "I have visited many USO clubs in different parts of the country and I should like to see the one the National Catholic Community Service operates in Chattanooga."

"Well, unless you have K. P. next Sunday morning, I'll take you to the Communion breakfast they're having after Mass. I've only been there once before—and, you know, I actually met a Marine from my home town. It was fun!"

"Do many of the girls attend the breakfasts?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "and particularly those who were frequent Communicants back home. It always makes mother so happy when I tell her that I receive regularly. I guess all mothers are like that. They want to feel we're just the same little girls who were their daughters back in the home town."

"Well, you are, aren't you?" I inquired.

"Yes, we are," she reflected. "You know, women don't change into different creatures just because they put on a uniform!"

She was right. Fundamentally, women remain the same whether it's a calico dress they're wearing, or an Army GI uniform.

The Church in Latin America

By RICHARD PATTEE

The vine is indigenous

Condensed from *The Sign**

The Catholic Church in Latin America is one of the greatest paradoxes of our time. By every standard and measuring device, it should have gone under long ago if even half the accusations heaped upon it are true.

Latin America has always been nominally Catholic. Everyone, except for an infinitesimal minority of die-hards, gave at least perfunctory lip service to the Church. Many were never inside a church except at Baptism and death; many others made reluctant concessions to the faith from time to time and remained tenuously members of the fold. Indifferentism has long been the great problem of Latin-American Catholicism. Inadequate religious instruction and a generally perfunctory compliance with the precepts of the Church bred an indifferentism which was not rejection, but merely an unwillingness to make much of an effort on behalf of Catholic life. Everyone was a Catholic. Practically no Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, or Cuban professes positively any other religion. There is a mere fringe that accepts the doctrines of one of the Protestant sects or rejects Christianity completely.

The overwhelming mass of people go through life giving testimony to their faith in the form of listing themselves as Catholics on the rare occasions when a declaration of that sort is neces-

sary. They are quite indifferent to the social and economic teachings of the Church. Practically no one, except a few zealots, ever occupies himself with an examination of the implications of Catholicism as a teaching that touches the welfare of men in all aspects. The relations of clergy and laity are anything but what they should be. It is not infrequent to find Catholics who have no contact whatever with priests or Religious. Many others lose all contact with Catholic life upon departing from school.

The Spanish state alone would never have been able to accomplish the task of ruling an area that began in what is now the Northwest of the U. S. and terminated at Cape Horn. From the moment that the enterprise of occupying and civilizing the western hemisphere began at the end of the 15th century, the Church was one of the two arms engaged in this task. There are those who believe that the relations of Church and state were too intimate from the very beginning. This is probably a valid contention. Here again a bit of history is necessary. The Spanish people, by the time America was discovered, had spent seven centuries in almost constant warfare against the infidels. The inhabitants of the peninsula were so accustomed to the precarious existence of the frontier and of incur-

*Union City, N. J., April, 1944.

sions by the Moslems that it may be said that no other state of affairs seemed natural. The conquest of America came as something of a continuation of this way of life.

The reconquest of the Spanish peninsula from a non-Christian enemy meant that the Church was always in the vanguard. It was natural that the heroic contribution of the Christian monarchs of Spain should receive its reward. Ecclesiastical affairs for generations were in a state of confusion. The Holy See had often permitted the monarchs of Spain to nominate members of the hierarchy.

Thus there developed an important principle which was to determine the future relations of the Spanish state and the Church, the intervention of the civil authority in purely ecclesiastical matters, an arrangement which has gone down in history as the "royal patronage." There happened in this case what always happens in such instances: it became impossible to maintain a nice balance. The state encroached more and more in religious affairs until, by the time the Spanish were embarked on the conquest of the new world, the Church was pretty much an instrument of state policy. So it is extremely hard to draw a line of distinction as to where the interest of one ended and that of the other began.

The Spanish crown accepted enthusiastically the aid of the Church in the job of bringing the entire new world under its jurisdiction. Without the aid of the Church, the state would have been powerless to accomplish what it

did. It is no exaggeration to say that a major part of the actual work of discovery, colonization, and general penetration inland was carried out by members of the Religious Orders. Without their collaboration, the process would have been slow, and perhaps entirely impossible. For these reasons there was a tendency to confuse the interest of the civil and religious authority and to conceive of them as inextricably bound up together. It is, perhaps, one of the defects of the Spanish regime in America. It is, however, the inevitable consequence of the development of Spanish Catholicism and the tradition and background to which I have referred.

That the Spanish state was for a long time honestly concerned about establishment of the faith can admit of no doubt. Spain was, among all the nations of Europe, the most profoundly devoted to the cause of extending the faith beyond the seas. Evil days set in, however, as time went on. The Spanish state itself, like all top-heavy bureaucracies, suffered a dry rot. The enthusiasm of the conquest gave way to routine management of affairs. By the 18th century, the Spanish state was in an alarming condition of decline. Unorthodox ideas were creeping in. The doctrines out of France were doing infinite mischief. Spanish functionaries were completely indifferent to what happened to the souls of the inhabitants of America.

The Church had to bear the consequence of its alliance. As the three centuries of colonial rule came to an end, the Church found itself participating

in many aspects of the crisis in which Spain itself was involved. The Spanish crown had pushed its control over the Church to an almost unbelievable degree. The old sense of cooperation was gone. Bickering and pettifogging were now the rule. The commissions ruling the colonies controlled almost every act of the Church, down to permission for a Religious to leave Spain or for a bishop to establish a new diocese.

The Church was struck a terrific blow in 1767, when the Society of Jesus was expelled from all the Spanish dominions. It would be hard to exaggerate this event: no other single incident influenced so much the whole position of the Church in Latin America. It meant that at one blow the entire structure laboriously erected by the Jesuits was pulled down. Their missions, the most elaborate perhaps in all America, were abandoned. Their schools and institutions of higher learning, which were among the most distinguished in America, were left empty. Their influence generally was removed. It meant that one of the pillars of the Church in the Americas was struck down at the very moment when the Church could ill afford such a setback.

It came, as one will notice from the date, only a few decades before independence. It meant that the government had precipitated a state of affairs which was bound to culminate in separation.

The Church in the Latin-American republics of the present day is heir of all that has gone before. The deficiencies of the colonial period and the pecu-

liarities that prevailed at that time have left an indelible imprint. There is no purpose in dwelling on the place of the Church in the independence of Latin America. Suffice it to recall that the Church passed through a tremendous crisis. There was no strictly religious problem involved in the wars for independence between 1810 and 1825. The long relations of the Church and Spanish state had to be readjusted, nevertheless, and it was this readjustment that caused much of the difficulty.

The essence of the problem was the desire on the part of most of the new republics to have the same authority over Church affairs as the monarchs of Spain had possessed. Natural as this was, it meant that unless the Church managed to obtain a greater degree of independence, if not actual separation, it would probably fall on evil days under the new governments being set up everywhere. The 15 years of warfare had done the Church no good. From Argentina to Mexico, with the sole exception of Peru, the wars had brought destruction and, what was more serious, the almost total suspension of normal activities. Many schools, seminaries and convents were forced to dissolve. Members of the clergy and hierarchy sympathetic to Spain were either forced out or took refuge abroad. This meant that the clergy, which had been limited enough already, became more so. Latin America has never entirely recovered from the shake-up of the early 19th century. The acute and still unsolved problem of the paucity of clergy dates directly from this period 100 years ago.

The problem of the national as against foreign clergy goes back also to the old days of independence. There was generated during that time much bitterness against many members of Religious Orders as well as the secular clergy who clung to their loyalty to Spain. Their expulsion left great gaps in the spiritual leadership of the republics. There were no priests of local birth to take their place and no seminaries, in many countries, in which to train them. The atmosphere of instability, warfare, and unrest was certainly not conducive to the formation of vocations. The result was that the Church in Latin America suffered an extraordinary crisis which lasted half a generation. When the disturbances had subsided, it was evident that the restoration of the hierarchy and the re-establishment of all the normal forms of religious life would take years.

There are numerous evidences that as late as the middle of the last century many areas of Latin America had fallen back into virtual paganism. Missions had to be abandoned. In the eastern portion of Bolivia, for example, the Jesuits had accomplished an extraordinary work during the 17th and 18th centuries until the expulsion. From the Andes to the Brazilian border, there were strings of flourishing missions among the Indian tribes. The expulsion ended them. It was not until the middle of the last century that Franciscans undertook to restore those missions and bring back some semblance of civilized life. Large numbers of Indians had reverted into savagery.

Latin America offers an almost insoluble geographical problem. Even the development of transportation has not overcome the natural barriers. The Republic of Colombia, for example, is honeycombed with vast chains of mountains that divide the country into areas which up to the establishment of air communication, had practically no contact with each other. Bogotá, up to a few years ago, was one of the most inaccessible capitals in the world; it could be reached only by days of travel up the Magdalena river. Other Colombian cities were isolated from the capital and from the seacoast. The result was an intense provincialism, an inability to maintain relations, and a remoteness that precluded ready contact with the outside world. Until a few years ago, cities such as Pasto in southern Colombia might as well have belonged to another planet.

In Peru, a similar situation exists. It is often said that there are three Perus: the coast, the mountainous interior, and the jungle beyond the Andes. Lima has all the earmarks of a great metropolitan center, cosmopolitan, refined, and worldly. Catholic life is developed as in any other urban center of similar importance. A Catholic university provides intellectual guidance to Peruvian Catholicism. The interior is almost totally Indian, remote from Lima, poor and backward, and spiritually not much in advance of the initial days of the conquest. The jungle beyond is a spiritual desert of the first order.

Bolivia is a repetition of Peru on an

even larger scale. Its isolation has become proverbial. Its geography is a monstrosity. Its cities lie on the tops of peaks that rise 12,000 and 14,000 feet. Two-thirds of Bolivia lies beyond the Andes, in the vast, flat basin of the Amazon.

The Franciscan priests who labor in that jungle have organized their missions much as the Jesuits did long ago, and in addition have trained the Indian youth in the use of firearms to ward off the periodic incursions of the savages. The Church in much of a country like Bolivia is faced with problems similar to those of the first years of the European conquest.

Brazil is a world in itself. The fringe of cities along the coast gives no hint of the vastness beyond which is still in considerable measure *terra incognita*. What religious problems are not raised by the presence of thousands of nomadic aborigines in the forests and waters of the Amazon? Most of us are familiar with the work of the American Redemptorists who are laboring in the state of Matto Grosso in an atmosphere of primitiveness not unlike that of Bolivia.

What can one say about Paraguay, where an entire population still employs the Guaraní language and which, although once the seat of the great Jesuit missions, now has few of the instruments of Catholic life? What can we say of the little republic of Haiti in the West Indies where, up until 1860, when the concordat with the Vatican was signed, there was no organized Catholic life at all, and the country

received the ministrations of vagrant priests who fled there from elsewhere? What can we say of Central America where the dearth of clergy is so great that in some communities only the most essential Catholic practices can be carried on? What can we say of Mexico where, due to the persecution, seminaries were banned and the clergy had to be trained in the U.S. or in Europe, and where the dissemination of Catholic ideas for years on end was practically an act of sedition? What shall we say of the island of Cuba, which gained its independence in 1899 and which is still suffering from the prejudice against the Spanish clergy, yet has few to substitute for them?

The panorama is not a pretty one. One could say perhaps that, if what has been presented is a true picture of the manner in which the Church has developed in Latin America, then it would be incorrect to speak of this area as Catholic. The miracle is that, in spite of the problems of almost insoluble magnitude which have beset the Church at every step, the faith has been kept. Negligence, hostility, abandonment, and misery have not sufficed to erase this impression nor eliminate the profound Catholic faith which is to be found everywhere. The miracle of the Virgin of Guadalupe is repeated throughout the length and breadth of Latin America. From the point of view of logic, human nature, historical precedent, and the inevitable apathy of mankind, the Church ought not to exist at all in many countries. Nevertheless it does.

A Protestant Goes to Mass

AS TOLD TO JOSEPH DWYER

Condensed from the *Torch**

How we appear to others

I was born a Methodist and I am still a member of that communion. I believe that everyone should support the church of his or her choice. From a sense of loyalty I seldom miss a Sunday and pay my tithe, though I heartily dislike the proselytism carried on by the Methodists in Latin America.

In the small town where I lived as a child there was considerable bigotry against all Catholics. Although there was a Catholic church and a parochial school there, the Ku Klux Klan was quite strong and obnoxious. My family never shared any of this un-American feeling. My father was a firm believer in religious liberty; my mother liked Catholics and never believed any of the tales told about them, because one of her very best friends, a girl she admired very much, was a good Catholic. Still it was not till many years later that I got up courage to attend a Catholic service. Even to this day I have never conversed with a Catholic Sister, though I have often dropped a donation into the box held by the little nun who begs for the poor outside the department store.

The first Mass I ever attended was in St. Patrick's cathedral in New York City. Perhaps mostly from curiosity and a desire to hear good music, one Sunday I yielded to the invitation of a Catholic friend and accompanied her.

I am confident that many Protestants would like to go to a Catholic service, but they hesitate to go by themselves. It is all quite mysterious and a sensitive person is afraid of not acting properly. I think it would be a good thing for Catholics to invite their non-Catholic friends to Mass. Now, when I do not go to my own church, I attend the 10 or 11 o'clock Mass in the town where I am living.

One of the reasons I do so is that a great many of my friends are Catholics—some of them, I am afraid, not very practical ones, either. But it is mainly because I feel that there is a rare holiness in the Catholic Church and because I am sympathetic with so many of its beliefs regarding the sanctity of the family, marriage, divorce, culture, decency, etc. I notice how the priests speak with authority and do not merely air their own opinions. Ministers so often seem hesitant, for fear of offending someone.

Then, of course, there is the Mass. In my own church we pray, and sing hymns, hear the Bible text, and listen to the sermon. But our service is usually not boring because we participate in the singing. I have often thought that the Catholic service could be made much more enjoyable by having the congregation recite or sing appropriate parts of the Mass. It is only too obvious

*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. April, 1944.

that many Catholics are bored. They have no missal, prayer book, or even rosary. No wonder they dash out of church before the priest leaves the sanctuary.

At the church where I attend Mass, it is unfortunately the custom (and I am told it is quite general) to have an organist do his very best to drown out the celebrant all through the Sacrifice except for a short time at the Consecration. Why is this? Personally, I find it horribly distracting. I happen to have majored in Latin, and would enjoy hearing the words of the liturgy. But it is quite impossible while the organ is thundering forth. I have heard some Gregorian music (over WQXR and at St. Patrick's) and it is truly devotional, not just a disturbance. Maybe the people are used to the noise and pay no attention to it, but to me it is very annoying even when I sit way up front. I have been told that Pope Pius X ordered that no music save Gregorian should be played during the Sacrifice and that this order has not been rescinded.

Perhaps it is trivial, but a thing that strikes a Protestant as being very bad taste is the habit of collecting "seat money." It makes one feel that there is an admission fee. The church where I attend Mass does not have the money-changers actually in the temple, but they are in the vestibule and they constitute (especially during the summer

months when there are crowds of vacationists coming to the 11) a real bottleneck. This may appear picayune to a Catholic who is accustomed to the habit of dropping his 15c in the receptacle, but to a Protestant who never has to open his purse on entering his church the custom seems offensive.

Still, several Catholics to whom I have registered my dislike for this practice have agreed with me. In fact, I am informed that this is a custom that was not general a quarter of a century ago. Catholics, however, are not given to protesting like a Protestant. I enjoy walking down the aisle, utterly disregarding the coin containers. So far nobody has tried to stop me.

Well, I certainly do envy Catholics their faith. They seem so sure about religion that to a Protestant it looks like smugness. But to me most of my Catholic friends are an enigma. They believe that the Mass is truly the same as the Last Supper, truly the same as the Sacrifice on the Cross, though unbloody. They believe that in the Sacred Host Christ is really and actually present, that in Holy Communion they receive the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of the Son of God.

Yet how little do they live that belief! Why, if I believed as they do that Christ was there on the altar, I would not miss being there a single day. It would seem like refusing to enter Heaven!

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.—Ben Jonson.

The Rose Masters Case

Condensed from the opinion of Justice Streissguth,

Minnesota Supreme Court

[In 1937, Rose Masters, the mother of 10 children, applied for poor relief. Social workers investigated. They criticized her housekeeping and decided that she should not have any more children and that she was incapable of caring for those she had. They recommended that her children be taken from her. The probate court upheld the social workers, sent her children to orphanages, and committed her to a home for feeble-minded.

The following is the decision of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, March 3, 1944, written by Justice Streissguth. It reverses the lower court, orders a new trial to be conducted according to more correct principle of law. It is important because it shows democracy in action. As long as persons like Mrs. Masters, poor in spirit and in money, lacking prestige and powerful friends, can in this fashion combat high-handed bureaucrats, democracy may be expected to survive in these U. S. Her family is still not reunited, but there is good hope it will be.]

This proceeding was commenced in 1942 by two friends of Mrs. Rose Masters to have her restored to capacity after she had been adjudged feeble-minded and committed as such to a state school. The probate court, upon the testimony of petitioners and two other lay witnesses in support of the petition for restoration, granted a motion to "disallow" it on the ground that "none of the witnesses were experts in mental cases." On appeal, the district court, after hearing both lay and expert testimony, pro and con, found that Mrs. Masters was feeble-minded, and in all things upheld the probate court. The appeal is from the judgment.

The problems presented are largely

sociolegal and their proper disposition requires a review of the "case history."

Mrs. Masters, who was born in 1898, married in 1923. She and her husband lived on rented farms but had not prospered in terms of worldly goods. Not having accepted the principle of planned parenthood, they had, over a period of 19 years, become the parents of a family of ten, apparently normal, children. The ever-increasing family was not an unmixed blessing, for with it came a depression, poverty, want, and, finally, application for relief. At this stage the social agencies intervened. Beginning in 1937, the family received regular visitations from county welfare workers, who concluded that unrestricted fertility on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Masters was not consistent with their economic and social capacities.

The conditions found at the Masters home were thus described by the secretary of the welfare board at the trial in district court:

"The housekeeping was very poor, to say the least. There was never any semblance of meals on the table. There were just bits of food. All I ever saw on the table was bread and syrup; and the bread would never be sliced, it would be torn off in the middle. The clothes would be piled in the corner, crumpled together, day after day after day and week after week after week. The children were always tattered, hair long,

white-looking, tired-looking. And the chickens, one would hop over a chicken every once in a while—they were allowed to go in and out of the house. The beds were not clean." The children were described as "white, drawn-looking, tired; and their dress would be tattered, rumpled garments. And their faces were never washed; their hands were dirty. They were not attractive children. They were not children you would pick up and want to make of."

The first solution to be attempted, according to this witness, was to place a housekeeper in the home, but this proved impractical. As a final solution of the social problem, the family was broken up. Five of the children were sent to St. Elizabeth's Orphanage at Wabasha, three were placed in county boarding homes, both parents were adjudged feeble-minded, and the mother was committed to the State School for Feeble-minded. At the time of the trial below, the oldest son was in the Army, as was the second at the time of the oral argument before this court.

Time was, and not so far past, when parents might "point with pardonable pride" to a family of ten or more children. Even in this modern age of birth control and social-welfare agencies, the circumstance of being the mother of an unusually large family, as measured by present standards, should not label a woman as a moron. It is, therefore, understandable why petitioners interpret Mrs. Masters' commitment to the state school at Faribault as a punishment for having ten children, and assert, in ef-

fect, that the natural law and the social law are at war and that she is the battleground. But this is untrue, for it was not the circumstance of her having ten children, but her neglect of them after they arrived, that suggested interference by the state through its social agencies.

It is significant, however, that under the heading "abnormal behavior," the report of the welfare-board secretary and the county nurse submitted to the probate court recites: "Apparently indifferent to the needs of cleanliness in her home, it may be the result of repeated childbirth, which has exhausted her." Also, that "she should not have any more children, from her health standpoint."

The original proceedings resulting in a determination of feeble-mindedness were quite irregular, no formal notice having been given Mrs. Masters of the fact that her own feeble-mindedness was to be inquired into. The only notice she received of any hearing was a summons directed to "Mr. and Mrs. Fred Masters, father and mother of said children," notifying them of the filing of a petition which set forth that their children were "neglected" and "dependent." This summons ordered the parents to appear "with the children named in this petition" and notified them that "when the examination is over you are to appear with the children at the Juvenile Court room for the purpose of determining how we can help you care for your family." But as the original adjudication and commitment are not attacked here, we shall

consider only the regularity of the restoration proceedings.

Upon the trial there was no material dispute as to the case history we have recited.

Three of Mrs. Masters' old neighbors and friends testified in her behalf, and, after detailing their associations with her and their opportunity to observe her home life as well as her mentality, they variously expressed themselves as believing that she was of sound mind. Illustrative are the following expressions by witnesses:

"There is no thought ever came into my head otherwise. I never had occasion to think otherwise but what she was perfectly capable. Her children appeared just as normal as anyone's children. They were healthy, and no disease or no starvation or anything like that."

"She would never leave her family. I cannot think of anyone who was a better mother than she was to stay with her children and to do everything she could for them. She wasn't probably as good a housekeeper as some people, but she was a very good mother. She spent as much time taking care of her children as anyone would. I think she should be restored to her family, that it is a shame for a mother with small children to be taken from them like that."

A practicing physician and surgeon with some experience in insanity inquisitions, who had talked with Mrs. Masters while she was confined at Faribault and who heard her testimony in court and observed her demeanor on the witness stand, testified that she was

"better than a high-grade moron. She may be a little substandard but there are a lot of people substandard."

Mrs. Masters took the witness stand in her own behalf and was subjected to lengthy direct and cross-examinations, upon which she accredited herself in excellent manner, even engaging in occasional repartee with counsel. She was able to do simple multiplication problems without apparent difficulty. A letter written by her prior to the trial established that she was a good penman, that she punctuated and spelled well, and had a fair vocabulary. At the school for the feeble-minded, her "literary" talents were pursued to the extent that she not only wrote letters to her husband and children regularly, but also acted as ghost writer for some of the other inmates in their correspondence. However, her principal assignment at the school was the more prosaic job of feeding "butterfly" nightgowns and other types of garments to a power sewing machine, at which she apparently acquitted herself very well. Her after-working hours were spent in taking care of her quarters, and she was complimented by inspectors on the results. She testified finally that she liked her work, had nice congenial women to work with, but that she most certainly would prefer to be at home. She testified that her immediate superior did not find any fault with her, with which counsel for the state fully concurred, saying, "I doubt if she finds any fault with you."

The witnesses in opposition were a psychologist, the executive secretary of

the county welfare board, and one of the "boarding mothers" with whom the baby had been placed.

The psychologist, Mr. Odoroff, was not a graduate physician or psychiatrist and did not claim to be a specialist on questions of insanity. However, he held a master's degree from the University of Minnesota, where he had majored in educational psychology. For eight years he had been employed by the state as a psychologist for the Bureau of Psychological Service in the Division of Public Institutions, devoting most of his time to conducting tests to determine the intelligence quotient (I.Q.) of persons committed to state institutions as feeble-minded. His qualifications as an expert in this field cannot be questioned. Even laymen are entitled to express in general terms their opinion as to the condition of another's mind, upon a suitable showing that they have had an opportunity to observe the mental characteristics and habits of such other, so as to form a reasonable conclusion or inference from the facts observed.

The testimony of the expert psychologist would have been more satisfactory, however, had he recited more fully his observations of Mrs. Masters and given more details as to the character and extent of the tests to which he submitted her. Instead of asking details of the witness, counsel was content to ask merely for the witness's *ipse dixit* that he considered Mrs. Masters to be a feeble-minded individual. Her mental age (M.A.), he said, was ten years and four months, her intelligence quotient (I.Q.), 64.

The witness, upon direct examination, admitted that Mrs. Masters "seemed to respond quite well" to the tests, and he admitted further, on cross-examination, that while she was on the witness stand she "did a creditable job on multiplication tables," and that she corrected counsel when he made mistakes in questioning her. When he was asked, "How many witnesses did you ever hear on the witness stand that made a better witness and answered the questions more intelligently than she did?" Mr. Odoroff replied, "That is a question, of course, I cannot answer." In fact the witness declined to take into consideration, in expressing his conclusions, her testimony from and her demeanor upon the witness stand.

The executive secretary of the welfare board testified to the conditions she found on her routine visits to the Masters home, the condition of the children, and the complaints as to their nonattendance at school. She was not asked her opinion on the question of Mrs. Masters' mental capacity.

The "boarding mother" with whom the baby was placed testified as to the general condition of the Masters' home and as to the improvement in the health and general condition of the child after being taken into her home.

Our sole function in weighing evidence in proceedings of this nature is to determine whether there is any evidence reasonably tending to sustain the trial court's finding. If there is such evidence, this court cannot disturb or reject the findings, although there may

be substantial evidence to the contrary.

However, the trial court placed too great a burden of proof on the petitioners. Although the rule it followed has general support, we decline to adopt it. Human liberty is too precious, the family home too fundamental, and mother love too sacred to put such an onus upon a mother who seeks judicially to establish her mental capacity so that she may return to her home, her children, her neighborhood and everything that is dear to her. The interests of society will be amply protected by merely shifting the burden of proof to the one who petitions for decree of restoration without requiring the proof to be "clear and satisfactory."

In the case of Mrs. Masters there is persuasive proof in her intelligent responses to examination and cross-examination in the court below that, having been given the chance of complete physical and emotional convalescence at the state institution for more than a year, she has now become rehabilitated in some degree at least. Even the psychological tests show definite and substantial improvement both in her I.Q. and her M.A. Even top-ranking psychologists do not agree on the respective M.A. and I.Q. ranges of idiocy, imbecility, morosity and subcultural normals. The statement, which is often made, that all persons with I.Q.'s below 70 are feeble-minded is not justified, either from the scientific or a practical point of view. Intelligence is made up of too many factors to permit of such a dogmatic statement. Intelligence tests are not substitutes for insight and com-

mon sense, as witness a survey by reputed experts, using these tests, who make the startling disclosure that in one Minnesota county the percentage of feeble-minded persons is higher than 6%.

Most intelligence tests are made up of a battery of tests of vocabulary, number facility, mathematical reasoning, etc. They are, basically, tests of ability to work through abstract thought with verbal and mathematical symbols. The tests make no attempt to evaluate such admittedly important attributes as personality or moral character, but are concerned only with the abstract aspects of thinking and reasoning. But intelligence, by the generally accepted definition, is the ability to meet and solve new problems, and many factors besides brain power enter into that. Interest in the task, persistence, accuracy, ability to make adjustments, even physical endurance—each may make its own contribution.

Properly administered by a skilled and experienced psychologist, these tests are the most dependable and revealing of any now available, but they may be highly misleading in the hands of nonexperts or amateurs. The results of even the best tests vary in individual cases, depending upon the time and place of the test and the physical condition and emotional stability of the testee, and other factors.

There are no means at present available for testing to a certainty the condition of feeble-mindedness in that large percentage of cases whose intellectual level is within the range where

it may partially but not wholly condition successful adjustment. While psychological tests are convenient tools for indicating mental retardation, test results alone should ordinarily not be considered sufficient, much less conclusive, except at the lower levels.

Petitioners' case was on the border line—hence the necessity of applying not only the correct test to determine her feeble-mindedness but also of applying the correct rules as to the burden and *quantum* of proof. Had the trial court used the tests we adopt as the proper ones rather than considering feeble-mindedness as "incurable,"

and had it required only a preponderance of evidence on the issue instead of "clear and satisfactory" proof, its ultimate conclusion might have been different.

The proper disposition of Mrs. Masters' children will, of course, be only incidentally affected should she be ultimately restored to capacity. Such restoration would not entitle her to their custody as of right. In appropriate proceedings, they have been declared "neglected" children and made wards of the state. Their welfare, and not their mother's, is supreme in determining who shall have their custody.



No Pants

I was holding a service in a hospital mess tent in the Massacre Bay sector. A lieutenant came to me after the service and said, "Chaplain, please excuse me for coming to church without my pants."

I looked him over and saw that all he had on was long underwear and a field jacket. He explained that he had had his pants cut off so the doctor could get at his wounds and that it was a choice between coming to church without his pants or not coming. He chose the former.

Chaplain Lieut. Francis W. Read quoted by Keith Wilson in the *Evening World-Herald* (14 Jan. '44).



No Shave

This letter is being written with the hand that shook the hand of Admiral Nimitz. Last Wednesday morning (March 1) I had the 6:30 Mass at the town chapel. Immediately after Mass I tumbled back into bed. About nine o'clock the band and the "1-2-3-humpf" awakened me. I drew the covers over my head and was dozing off again when the phone rang. It was the sergeant major, to tell me that Admiral Nimitz was waiting on the field to give me a medal. I threw some cold water on my eyes, put on my pants and shirt, and dashed over. Sure enough, I got a medal. If I had more time, I even might have shaved.

Chaplain Lieut. John V. Loughlin in a letter from the South Pacific to his parents. NCWC. (21 March '44).

Parents and the Comics

By R. SOUTHARD, S.J.

Schopenhauer in a zoot suit

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

"I don't look at them." The answer surprised me. She is a Catholic mother of exceptional character. Her children are healthy examples of well-mannered American boyhood. Any room in her house would serve as a model in an ideal-home exhibit. And of course she would be shocked to have some intruder hang lurid pictures of murder and scantily dressed women on her parlor walls. And that is why it surprised me when she replied to my casual question that she had not examined the comic book lying on the near-by table.

This oversight on the part of parents seems to explain the alarming amount of time and attention allowed American youth on comic books. In one survey a lad affirmed that he had read 47 books in a week. Each book contained 64 pages of pictures and about 10,000 words of print.

These figures, however, are no exaggeration, for 25 million comic books are published every month, and the reading circulation is around 100 million. Figures from *Newsweek*, Dec. 27, 1943, show that 95% of the group from seven years to 11 read the comics; 84% of those from 12 to 17.

This extreme condition of affairs warrants a presentation of facts and of responsibility. The obligation for control of children's reading rests primarily on parents and teachers. There must

be parental check on the number of books read because it has in too many cases exceeded all wholesome limits; and there must be a guide. Of the 125 comics on the market more than two-thirds exemplify four especially objectionable features. Let the parents and teachers try the truth of this judgment. Examine the comics now in possession of your children and on the newsstands, and see for yourself.

I have at hand samples from the local drugstore. The following are major rules for parents:

1. Parents should exclude from their children all the comics which glorify private persons who take the law into their own hands.

The FBI and the state and local police are the only authorized officers of law in the U.S. In the event of direct attack on his person or property, an individual has the right under the law to defend himself even by doing violence to the attacker. There is, however, no provision in the law for unauthorized private persons to make a practice of pursuing criminals and "taking over" in general the duties of the duly appointed authorities.

Therefore, all such self-appointed crusaders, by taking the law into their own hands, become themselves outlaws. It does not excuse them to say they are righting wrongs. And what sort of re-

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. May, 1944.

spect for the FBI and local officers of the law will children learn from the comics, where policemen only appear on the scene to open the jail and thank somebody else for doing their job?

Whether intended or not there is an anti-American, dictator propaganda in the glorification of wrong-righting supermen. If our youth get the notion that it is heroic for a private person to "take over" in matters of public order, we are ready for a Hitler. Hitler took over Germany when his followers had been persuaded he was a superman with a mission to right the wrongs of the German state.

2. Those comics should be withheld from youth which feature a bulk of criminals and violent crime—murder, robbery, train wrecking and the like, with details of gunfire and corpses and blood.

Many comic books are filled with crime. A survey by Gabriel Lynn, comprising 92 comic books picked at random and more than 1,000 newspaper daily comic strips of 1943, disclosed an assortment of 216 crimes punishable by death or long imprisonment, and over 300 lesser crimes.

John Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, in an article entitled *Youth Running Wild*, warns us: "This country is in deadly peril. We can win this war, and still lose freedom for all in America. For a creeping rot of moral disintegration is eating into our nation. I am not easily shocked nor easily alarmed. But today, like thousands of others, I am both shocked and alarmed. The arrests of teen-age boys and girls, all over

the country, are staggering. Some of the crimes youngsters are committing are almost unspeakable. Prostitution, murder, rape. These are ugly words. But it is an ugly situation. If we are to correct it, we must face it."

Although the article is brief, Mr. Hoover lists ten instances of crime, including prostitution, murder, theft, attempted train wrecking, and robbery. His files show that the increase in number of the youthful criminally inclined is frightening.

Only special investigation by the FBI would prove to comic-book publishers that any of the current juvenile crimes are connected with what the young perpetrators read in comic books. But those who are not in the business can see very good reason to suspect such a connection.

3. Those comics should be carefully restricted which contain a large proportion of violence, such as fires; explosions; hand-to-hand combats, especially such violent acts as unlawfully destroy life and property; robbery; arson; sabotage; and the like.

The comics examined by Mr. Lynn displayed 522 samples of assaults on human beings by means of fists, knives, clubs, and other weapons of violence. Accompanying this disorder was considerable property damage.

Even in a peaceful, well-ordered society the mass presentation of violence in children's reading is objectionable. Children, particularly boys, like to play cops and robber, fireman, Indian, aviator. This is well and good. The danger comes in an overdose of vicarious activ-

ity through comic-book reading which displays graphic details of blood, distorted faces, demolished buildings and property. This is strong stuff for young minds and imaginations.

In wartime, pictured violence in children's reading is even more objectionable than in peacetime. It engraves on young minds the impression that life and property are cheap. The problem of educators now is to counteract the impressions which our youth can hardly avoid getting from actual war conditions around them. What justification is there for the comics to aggravate the burden of teachers and parents in this regard by thrusting vivid pictures of violence into susceptible minds?

4. Those comics should be absolutely excluded from the young which contain an emphasis on and exaggeration of sex, either by way of scant clothing, detailed drawing of sex characteristics, or suggestive posture.

The comic-book practice of flourishing half-clad men and women before youth as examples of heroism is a threat both to the appreciation and achievement of our standard. The clothing on female characters in some of the comics has become almost as imaginary as the characters themselves. By exaggerated curves and suggestive lines, there is nothing left to distinguish flesh from

current fashion but coloring. Several daily newspaper strips are rank offenders in this regard. The present run of comics fully justifies our objection to their sex emphasis. Mr. Lynn's survey disclosed 114 samples of nudity or suggestive posture.

The four points of our discussion demonstrate it to be of the utmost importance for parents and teachers to control children's reading of comics. I have purposely not used the word *prohibit*, to avoid conveying the idea that an all-out prohibition of comics is the simple solution to the problem. The effective procedure is rather to substitute for the offending comics wholesome outlets for youthful minds and bodies, in the form of good reading and recreational pursuits.

There are some comics that can be recommended. Outstanding are those published by Parents Magazine, *Calling All Girls and Real Heroes*. Among Catholic publications there is *Timeless Topix*, a 16-page comic monthly put out by the Catechetical Guild of St. Paul. *Topix*, since it presents Catholic heroes and saints, is of special value to parents and teachers. The express purpose behind such publications is to afford positive material as an antidote to the poisoning flood of run-of-the-mill comics.



When someone pointed out to Joe Louis that it was strange he should want to fight for a country that had treated his people so badly, he said, "Yes, my people's had a tough time, but Hitler can't fix it."

From *13 Against the Odds* by Edwin R. Embree (Viking, 1944).

Yesterday's Indians

Lesson in humility

By RAYMOND W. MURRAY

Excerpts from a chapter of a book*

Most persons visualize the "Indian" as a colorful savage who wore a feathered war bonnet and fringed-buckskin leggings, lived in a tepee, and hunted buffalo. The picture is probably that created by Buffalo Bill or the motion pictures.

Though the popular description of the Indian may have fitted certain Indians of the Great Plains area fairly well, it is no more accurate as a description of the late prehistoric or protohistoric Indians in general than a picture of a skirted Albanian soldier would be of all European troops today. There were more cultural differences among the American Indian tribes in the days before the white man brought "civilization" to them than there are among the nations of modern Europe. There were more different languages among the protohistoric Indians than are found now in Europe and Asia combined. Incidentally, half our state names, Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Connecticut, Dakota, Nebraska, Mississippi, and Missouri, to give a few, are derived directly from the Indian languages of the area. For that matter, the white invader's first agricultural methods were learned from the resident Indian, as were many hunting and fishing techniques.

Although no two tribes of pre-Columbian Indians were exactly the same,

even when they resided in similar environments, it is possible to reduce the culture map of what is now the U.S. to five great areas: the hunters of the great western plains; the seed gatherers of California; the fishermen of the Pacific Northwest; the woodsmen of the forests east of the Mississippi; the farmers of the Southwest. The various tribes in each of those areas usually had similar shelters, ate the same foods, and had essentially the same family, tribal, and political groupings. In some areas, a few tribes still preserve the culture of their ancestors. The characteristics of each culture area can be summed up briefly.

Protohistoric culture of the hunters of the great western plains is probably best known to modern Americans. The tribes that preceded the Europeans in this area (the Sioux, Assiniboin, Arapahoe, Blackfoot, Cheyenne, Comanche, and many others) lived in portable tepees which they moved with a dog-drawn drag. To keep in range of their chief source of food, the buffalo, deer, and elk, they had to be wanderers. Animal skins were worn, and, until the arrival of European beads, porcupine quills were used for decoration. Although their social and religious organization was simpler than with the sedentary tribes, they usually had clans, special societies for men, and various

*Man's Unknown Ancestors. 1943. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, 1, Wis. 384 pp. \$4.25.

social and religious dances. The tribes in this culture area spread themselves over a territory extending from eastern Washington east through the Dakotas, and then southward into Texas.

The Pacific coast had two culture areas. In California the seed gatherers, whose chief vegetable food consisted of acorns, lived in crude brush shelters. They used rafts to cross lakes and streams in search of fish, small game, roots, and berries which supplemented their acorn bread and soup diet. They utilized baskets for cooking, pottery being unknown. Although they recognized ownership of property and had religious ceremonies, tribal organization was simple and devoid of social rank. To the north, from California to southern Alaska, the tribes subsisted largely on sea food. This group used dugout canoes made from solid logs, and lived in plank houses. Some tribes carved totem poles as their "coats of arms." Class distinctions were important in this area, ranging from chief down to slave.

The Indian culture of the entire eastern half of the U.S., from where the great western plains leave off west of the Mississippi to the Atlantic coast, is usually classified as that of the woodsmen of the eastern forests. But this hunting-agricultural economy can be broken down into three smaller units each with distinctive cultural features. The tribes in all the three areas hunted, fished, grew corn, squash, and beans, and traveled in bark canoes, but those in the Great Lakes area (such as the Chippewa, Menominee, Fox, and Win-

nebago) used wooden vessels in lieu of pottery and lived in bark houses. The more advanced Iroquis and their related tribes, farther east, had pottery, and were superior farmers. They lived in long log houses, built fortifications, and could boast of a strong political organization. In the third, or Southeastern, woodsmen area the Cherokee and other tribes built temples, carried on elaborate ceremonies, and had a complicated clan system which suggested the influence of the more advanced tribes of Central and South America. It was the peaceful Arawak farmers and fishermen Columbus first encountered on the islands off this area.

When Columbus arrived, the "Indians," thus named because Columbus thought he had reached India, were already spread over both continents. In fact, probably every known division of Indians had reached America before the time of Christ. Various estimates have been made as to their numbers; one authority has calculated that at least 7 million Indians inhabited the New World in 1492, 1 million of them in northern North America, 3 million in Mexico and Central America, and 3 million in South America, chiefly in Peru. Between 700,000 and 800,000 were within the present borders of the U.S., a number which, according to population experts, will be arrived at again by 1980 if the present rate of increase continues. Although there are only about 360,000 Indians here today, the "vanishing red man" is increasing now more rapidly than the whites. At the time of their arrival from Asia the

migrants knew how to make fire and to manufacture stone implements for cutting and scraping, and used the spear and harpoon but not as yet the bow and arrow. If they knew of agriculture in Asia, they must have lost this knowledge during the long treks over the frozen Northlands into America. They brought no seeds nor plants with them, apparently developing to plant cultivation some time after arriving here, since the only plants which they grew were the indigenous ones. Pottery making was likewise worked out in this hemisphere.

One of the first and greatest of the contributions which the Indian received from the white man was the horse. At the time of the appearance of Hernando Cortes in Mexico in 1519, the horse was unknown to the Indians, since the primitive American horse seems to have died out soon after the arrival of the earliest of the Indians. In 1540 Coronado's expedition northward across the Rio Grande lost quite a few horses, and perhaps those strays later became the first wild horses of North America, although it is more likely that the Indian first received his horses from the Spanish settlements in the Southwest after 1600. At any rate, the "divine dogs," as the Indians called them, increased with astonishing rapidity in the Southwest and soon great herds of wild horses spread over the prairies. Their use transformed the plains Indians from plodding footmen to nations on horseback, so that later on, when the northern European white settlers from east of the Alleghenies

had crossed the Mississippi, their progress was retarded by the unfriendly Sioux whom the southern European whites in Mexico had unwittingly aided at an earlier date with their horses. It was the same Sioux who, in South Dakota in 1890, made the last futile resistance to the white man's conquest of the continent.

Native architecture in mid-America was so far advanced that until rather recently many archeologists thought civilized Egypt was its inspiration. Yet many of the recent New York skyscrapers reflect this setoff style of architecture invented in prehistoric America. Although the habitations of the roving northern-plains Indians were crude, they were perfectly adapted to their mode of life.

Oliver LaFarge says most of us do not appreciate Indian art work because what we have been taught to think of as Indian art is not his art, but the product of the white man's idea of what Indian art ought to be. In the sweet-grass baskets and Navajo rugs in harsh colors and screaming designs, we see the effect of pressure from white traders who persuaded the Indian to abandon his fine adaptable designs in favor of something that whoops. The same may be said of Eskimo art; the writer has seen Eskimo ivory workers capable of turning out beautiful carvings of seals, whales, and other familiar animals of the North busily engaged in making napkin rings and other unfamiliar objects suggested to them by white traders. The peak of the ridiculous was achieved by an inventive Es-

kimo, when he sought to surprise and please a trader by making what he presumed would be a very desirable table utensil, a combination ash tray and butter knife, in one piece!

A large mural was recently completed in one of the University of Notre Dame dining halls. It shows two former faculty members engaged in their favorite research, Father J. A. Zahm, exploring with his friend, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, in the wild rubber growing country of the Amazon, and Father Julius A. Nieuwland at work in his chemistry laboratory, where he discovered the secret of one of the first synthetic rubbers. Looking at this picture, one cannot help thinking how much less important the development of synthetic rubber would appear to us in this second World War period, if years ago our government planners had only thought to follow up the work of the pioneer Amazon Indian rubber growers.

The Indian's ability to make progress is best indicated perhaps by his agriculture. Of his own accord he developed not only peanuts, popcorn, and chewing gum, but also tobacco, maize, both sweet and white potatoes, tomatoes, pineapples, capsicum, cashew, cocoa, squash, pumpkin, alligator pears, vanilla, pecans, several types of beans, and Brazil nuts, all of which were introduced to the Old World for the first time only after the whites arrived and recognized their value. The same can be said of cascara, quinine, cocaine, arnica, witch hazel, and one of the best species of cotton. (Watermelons, how-

ever, originated in South Africa, from whence the Portuguese carried their seeds to their colony of Brazil where the Indians immediately adopted them. Hence the myth of the American origin of the watermelon.) It is hard for us to realize today that the Irish potato which figures so prominently in the diet of Europe was imported by the Spaniards from South America, and that the Italians learned of their beloved tomato only after America's discovery. It is believed now that South America's potato first reached North America in 1621, when it was introduced into Virginia from England by way of Bermuda. A hundred years later Scotch-Irish colonists introduced it into New England soil. The Indians' experimentation with different kinds of corn, together with his irrigation projects in the Southwest and terraced farming in Peru, are in themselves sufficient indication of his ability as a scientific agriculturalist. In fact, the Indian may well be regarded as the world's greatest agriculturalist. No Old World grain, for instance, compared with the various types of corn produced by Indians, and up to the discovery of America no white men had grown root crops that equaled potatoes or manioc. Recently when farmers in Oklahoma sought a quick-growing corn that would mature before the extreme heat of the dust-bowl summer, they found the answer by crossing a local variety with ancient maize grown by the Pueblo Indians. The extensiveness of prehistoric Indian agriculture is shown by the fact that modern farming in the Western Hemi-

sphere has not extended its area much beyond that occupied by the pre-Columbian Indian farmers.

It is time for us to drop the popular concept of the American Indian as an indolent savage, incapable of advancing beyond a stage of hunting and fishing. While it is true that many tribes, spread out over the thousands of square miles of the Western Hemisphere, suffered from absence of the stimulation which derives from frequent intertribal communication, this cultural stagnation was surely the result of isolation. Had there been more opportunity to exchange ideas, so characteristic of the more compact settlements of heavier populated Europe and Central America, no doubt greater progress would have taken place throughout the Americas. If the first white settlers had been at a stage of development nearer to their own, the Indians would no doubt

have profited by the new contact. As it was, the white man's material civilization was so far beyond his own that there were few things the Indian could adapt to his own way of living without accepting the new civilization in its entirety. The Indian was not ready to make this change all at once, and the white man, who began at once to drive the Indian off his land in North America and to rob him of his gold and silver in South America, was not particularly concerned that he should. As a result, the Indian immediately became the victim of the supposedly superior white at nearly every turn; when he protested and attempted to assert his rights, he was called a bloodthirsty savage and mowed down by the superior weapons of the Europeans; sometimes he gave up in despair and allowed himself to become debauched by the white man's vices.



Flights of Fancy

So tired his ear would not hold a pencil.—*Bruce Dunnet.*

Seasonal neckwear for men—the ties that blind.—*Kokomo (Ind.) Tribune.*

She is more at home in silver fox than the fox himself.—*Ernest Lehman.*

As uninteresting as a completed crossword puzzle.—*Leonard Feeney, S.J.*

One window in the house was boarded up like a bad eye.—*Rosemary Obermeyer.*

People are like steamboats; they toot the loudest when they are in a fog.—*The Family Circle.*

The pilot she'd been in love with had stopped using her heart for a landing field.—*Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

The Song of Bernadette

By EDDIE DOHERTY

Condensed from the *Catholic News**

New high for Hollywood

The Song of Bernadette is truly a song, one that remains in the mind and haunts the consciousness with its melody, one that lingers in the memory and gets all tangled up with the emotions, a song that will not let you alone.

It is a song that opens on a natural note, that rises to supernatural splendor, and ends in deathless beauty at the deathbed of its heroine, Bernadette Soubirous, our own St. Bernadette.

It is a song so simple and lovely and poignant it should be sung by everyone in the world. It is a song so overwhelmingly powerful one cannot escape its music or its meaning.

It was a song when Franz Werfel put it into the shape of a book. It has come out of Hollywood a more glorious song than Werfel dreamed of writing. Hollywood at last has made the perfect moving picture!

I saw it in the State-Lake theater in Chicago the day it opened, March 2, at 8:45 o'clock in the morning. It was a cold day, and I expected to find an empty theater. People don't get out of bed to see a movie that early in the morning. Not in Chicago. Not for a religious picture. The management was foolish, I thought, to open at such an hour and expect any business.

Besides, most Catholics would feel as I felt, that they would be disappointed. There is a great suspicion among Cath-

olics when they discuss the celluloid world, a suspicion grounded on bitter experiences with great books that turned into indifferent or salacious pictures.

I arrived at the theater about 8:30. There was a small group shivering on the sidewalk, waiting for the ticket seller to open her cage, and watching the men putting up a three-piece sign above the entrance. But by 8:45 o'clock there was a line half a block long, and men and women were cutting across the street or hurrying north and south on State Street to take their places.

By 9 o'clock, when the film began, the theater was almost filled. At least 2,000 Chicagoans had got out of bed early, stood in the cold street, sacrificed half a day's pay, or gypped time from school to take advantage of this opportunity to hear the Song of Bernadette.

And they were not disappointed.

The film had not unreeled half an hour of its treasures before women all about me were proclaiming their love for Jennifer Jones as Bernadette.

I sat entranced with the picture, marveling at the direction of Henry King, the skill of George Seaton in changing Franz Werfel's book into the motion-picture script, the perfect portrayals of the actors. If there were flaws, I did not see them.

Ann Revere, Bernadette's mother, awakens in the cold, bleak, little quar-

*22 N. William St., New York City, 7. April 1, 1944.

ters that once kept the drunks and petty thieves of Lourdes under lock and key. She lights the fire in the chimney place, wakes her husband, and sends him out to find work. Luck favors him, giving him a few sous for taking a load of smelly waste from the hospital to the village dump at the Rock of Massabielle. It is close to this refuse pile that our Lady first appears, in a natural grotto, to Bernadette. Smoke from the fires lit by her father are still going up to heaven while Bernadette kneels in prayer.

The news of the apparition spreads throughout the town, and the song, which until now has been sung in a minor key, grows into an aria of excitement, doubt, veneration, awe, and conflict. Bernadette must repeat her story again and again, to Dean Peyramale, a good, rough, tough priest who will have no nonsense, to the village authorities who believe she is either crazy or crafty, and to many others.

The song rises gradually to a crescendo of suspense. The priest, beautifully played by Charles Bickford, has asked Bernadette for a sign from the "Lady" which might convince him—say the blooming of the wild rose bush at Massabielle. It is winter, but half the town expects the bush to bloom.

They gather at the grotto in hundreds, most of them with tapers in their hands and rosaries dangling from their fingers. Police are there, jeering, waiting a propitious moment to end this "foolishness" for good and all.

Louis Bouriette (Sig Ruman), the half-blind old stonecutter, is one of the

scoffers. There will be no miracle, he assures all his neighbors. Life isn't like that. Miracles do not happen, even if you pray for them all your life. This is a crazy business, just you wait and see.

Bernadette hears the voice of the Lady bidding her wash in the spring. She starts toward the River Gave, that flows near by. But the voice directs her to the spring. Bernadette can see no spring. There is no spring. The Lady bids her eat the herbage near by and repeats the command to wash herself in the spring.

The great crowd watches in amazement and disgust as Bernadette wanders before the grotto, undetermined for a moment where to go, and as she falls to her hands and knees and eats the plants. Faces that mirrored belief and devotion a moment ago now are distorted. Candles carefully sheltered from the breeze are angrily blown out. Men and women rise from their knees, put away their rosaries, and give voice to irony.

But Bernadette is not yet through with her "foolish antics." She digs in the earth with her bare hands, then washes her hands and face in the grit and mud.

"You see," says the chief of the little police force, played by Charles Dingle, "it was all a farce. You have been duped. Now go on home and forget this silly business."

The old stonecutter is also jubilant. He had said there would be no miracle. He has been vindicated. He gives his philosophy free to all as they leave him.

Only two of the multitude remain.

Antoine Nicolau (William Eythe) is deeply and reverently in love with Bernadette. He sits on a ledge of rock before the grotto, trying to understand what has happened, listening to the prattle of the stonecutter without hearing a word.

My attention was diverted as a woman sitting next to me said, "There was a crowd on Calvary, too, waiting for a miracle. But He did not come down from the cross. He died there. They mocked Him and went away."

Bouriette was still talking to the disconsolate Antoine. "You know how I got blinded? I was carving a statue of our Lady, and a chip of marble flew up and hit me in the eye. That's what our Lady did to me. That's how life is."

A tiny stream of water runs suddenly under Antoine's earth-pressed hand. He lifts his hand out of the water, but, so wrapped is he in his misery and puzzlement, he doesn't realize what has happened. He dries his hand, mechanically, and puts it back again, palm down, upon the earth. This time the water flows over it. And he looks and sees the miraculous spring!

Unquestionably this is one of the high and rapturous notes of the song; but there are many others, such as the scene between Bernadette, now a nun, and Sister Marie Theresa, the scene in which Sister Marie Theresa confesses her hatred and jealousy of the younger nun and demands, "Why shouldn't it have been I who was chosen to see our Lady?"

Gladys Cooper, who plays this severe and acid nun, has the most difficult role

in the play, and performs it with exquisite art.

One of the scenes I liked best was that in which the priest explains to Bernadette (and through her to all who will see the picture) the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. He makes the doctrine so simple that any one of average intelligence can understand it.

When the film ended, sometime after 11 o'clock, the theater was filled to its capacity, and there was a crowd outside waiting patiently to get in. And all around me men and women were wiping their eyes, clearing their throats, and blowing their noses unashamed.

Twentieth Century-Fox took a long time to make this picture, spent millions of dollars on its production, and more advertising it, and edited it, quite evidently, with loving care. Thereby Twentieth Century-Fox has produced a miracle all its own, and set a standard that will endure for many years.

This is a picture every lover of God, and especially every Catholic, should see at least once. And even those who profess neither love of God, nor belief in Him, will love this *Song of Bernadette*, if only for its artistry, its beauty, its simple portrayal of the life of a girl—and its challenge to atheism.

As the preface states, "If you believe in God, no explanation is necessary. If you do not believe in God, no explanation is possible."

[The editors of the CATHOLIC DIGEST concur with Mr. Doherty in unconditioned praise of a classic motion picture.]

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

BETTER MEN FOR BETTER TIMES. Washington, D. C.: Catholic University of America. 125 pp. \$1. Careful statement of Catholic ideals in social and political life. By members of the Commission on American Citizenship of the Catholic University.

Biersack, Louis, O.F.M.Cap. THE SAINTS AND BLESSED OF THE THIRD ORDER OF SAINT FRANCIS. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. 186 pp. \$2. Thumbnail sketches of notable tertiaries for daily reading. Each followed by a brief prayer and reflection from the writings of St. Francis.

Blunt, Hugh Francis. LIFE WITH THE HOLY GHOST; *Thoughts on the Gifts of the Holy Ghost*. Milwaukee: Bruce 130 pp. \$1.75. How God's Spirit works in us and revolutionizes our character, putting a fresh dynamism in ordinary good traits, and implanting others of a higher type we call His gifts.

C., S. M. ONCE IN CORNWALL; *Being an Account of Friar Peter's Journey in Search of the Saint and Dragon Legends of the Land*. New York: Longmans. 179 pp. \$2. Skeptical young man of the 13th century makes a field trip to learn the folk tales of his native country.

Gallego, S. G. JOHN SMITH, EMPEROR. 128 E. 10th St., St. Paul, 1, Minn.: Guild Press. 160 pp. \$2, cloth; \$1, paper. Fictitious God-fearing scientist gains absolute control of the world; vivid panorama of the world he governs in accordance with Papal principles.

Hughes, Emmet John. THE CHURCH AND THE LIBERAL SOCIETY. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 307 pp. \$3. "Liberalism" in the sense of economic and political individualism. The 500-year struggle of trade and industry to become a law to itself and to put aside the restraints imposed by Christianity, civil government, and natural morality.

Kossak, Zofia. BLESSED ARE THE MEER; *a Novel about St. Francis of Assisi*. New York: Roy Publishers. 375 pp. \$3. The Crusades, chivalry and romance give further interest to this vivid picture of the Franciscan spirit in the early 13th century.

Mauriac, Francois. THE EUCHARIST; *the Mystery of Holy Thursday*. New York: Longmans. 75 pp. \$1.50. Reflective essays in attractive style by a celebrated French novelist. On the inner significance of the sacrament and the great feast of the Eucharist.

Reany, William. ST. THEODORE OF CANTERBURY. St. Louis: Herder. 227 pp. \$2. Born in Asia Minor, Theodore became a Benedictine monk in Italy, then an archbishop in 7th-century England. There he gave a new start to education, Church organization, and national unity.

Sharkey, Don. WHITE SMOKE OVER THE VATICAN. Milwaukee: Bruce. 172 pp. \$2. Informative, well-illustrated account of the Vatican, the center of the Church's government: history, buildings, relations with outside states, the election and coronation of a pope, the congregations and tribunals which help him with his work.